HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A HIGH OLD TARIFF TIME.

Bismarck (*to* Mr. W. D. Kelley, *of Pennsylvania*). "The (protection) you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard (with American imports) but I will better the instruction (a very high tariff)."

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a spirited engraving, entitled "Caught by the Tide," and a large variety of interesting reading matter.*

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THE PARTIES.

THERE is a disposition, to which we have heretofore alluded, to regard the present political situation as comparable to that of 1824, when the old parties really disappeared, and a "scrub-race" for the Presidency ended in new party organizations; and also to that of 1852, when the Whig party was dissolved by the slavery issue. It is alleged that the questions upon which recent parties were formed are now in process of final settlement, and are really questions no longer, and that parties now represent not the actual political issues, but traditions only, and the desire of power and place. This is the tone of a recent article in the *International Review*, and of daily articles in those papers which decline to accept a party name, as well as of much private conversation. There are two ways of testing the justice of this view: one is to ascertain what the paramount political issues are, and the other to see what the parties say about them. The Treasury, or the financial question, is always of the most vital importance, and none has been more prominent during our recent political discussions. But it is remarkable that the only party organization which announces a distinct policy upon this question is the Greenback party. Unlimited coinage of silver, and a paper currency to be issued exclusively by the government at the pleasure of Congress, however foolish and fatal a policy, is at least positive and intelligible. But nobody can say what the Democratic or the Republican financial policy is. The maintenance of resumption, upon which Republicans insist, is not a policy, without some specific explanation as to the re-issue of greenbacks and silver coinage; while the Democratic "Ohio idee," so far as it can be made out, is merely a form of repudiation. The cognate issues of taxation and tariff do not figure decisively in the platforms, and neither of the parties is plainly a party of free trade or protection. "Reform" and economy are the stock professions of all parties. But the most imperative reform, that of the civil service, is not adopted by either party as such. The present Administration, indeed, has done very much more in this direction than is generally known, and there is within the Republican party a rapidly increasing body of supporters of thorough reform. But the National Republican Committee, as well as the State Committee, are frankly hostile. As for the Democratic party, it loves reform as Jesuitism loves Protestantism.

As this is the internal situation, and as there are no commanding foreign questions, it might seem that parties are now meaningless, as the criticism asserts, and that it could make no serious difference whether a Democratic or Republican President were elected in 1880. But if this were, indeed, the whole case, and the choice lay between two parties neither of which represented any really practical principle or policy, the parties would crumble of their own weight. Why do they not? Why are they still so evenly balanced that it is impossible to say which will carry New York this autumn, or to foretell with any certainty the result of next year's national contest? Why is it universally felt that a third-party movement would be premature and unwise? Obviously because of a general conviction that the issues which evoked the existing organizations are not yet settled. Intelligent and patriotic men do not sustain parties whose leadership seems to them often unworthy except for the feeling that, despite leadership, the necessary tendency of the party, which carries leaders with it, is wholesome and desirable. That is the strength of the Republican party to-day, and the reason of the continued adherence of those who recognize the inadequacy of many leaders. An army is often poorly enough commanded, when it is its highest duty to cohere because of its cause. While neither of the great parties, as we have seen, has a distinct and united financial or other policy, yet each stands for a perfectly intelligible course. The Republican party at present represents the national authority, the Democratic party the State power. This is what CALHOUN called the natural division of parties in this country. It will be said, of course, that this is an abstraction, and is in no sense a system of measures which can be judged at the polls. That is true; but the policy of each party under this general position is plain enough, and we have more than once stated it. The common object is the Presidency. The Democratic party proposes to obtain it by illegally suppressing part of the vote in certain States, while it denies the right of the nation to help itself. This plan is not of a kind to be formally announced, and it will not be found in any platform. But it is shown by the evidence of late elections, and it is not doubted. The Republican party represents opposition to this plan, and the election of a President by an honest vote. This is obviously not a question of administrative policy. It is in its nature a question of the government itself; and that explains why, without a positive policy upon any merely administrative question, the parties remain united, and why it seems to intelligent men very foolish to say that it makes no difference which party succeeds. The question is not whether Mr. BAYARD or Mr. LAMAR is not as honest, able, and patriotic a man as Mr. SHERMAN or Mr. BLAINE, but whether such a plan of sheer usurpation ought not to be resisted by all good citizens.

The only adequate reply to this statement would be that it is untrue. But its untruth can not be established. It is as well proved as any fact in regard to a community can be proved that there are both systematic fraud and terror to overcome the colored vote in many districts of the Southern States, and that it is openly and warmly justified as the only barrier against anarchy. If the fact were not known, its extreme probability is shown by the situation in Yazoo County in Mississippi and elsewhere, where the Democratic mob forces even white candidates to withdraw by contemptuously and violently defying the laws, while the Governor of the State is paralyzed, and Mr. LAMAR and his friends are dumb. This is but an illustration of the manner in which, wherever necessary, the South is to be made a solid unit for the Democratic candidate in 1880. It is called the Mississippi or shot-gun plan. The South Carolina plan is systematic and confessed stuffing of ballot-boxes. The Louisiana plan in 1876 was bulldozing. These are the springs of the perennial vitality of the Republican party. This situation raises a question which necessarily takes precedence of the silver and greenback question, because it concerns the government itself; and this, we repeat, is the explanation of the continued contest of the same old parties.

A WELL-KNOWN POLITICIAN.

THE deliberate threat of a bolt by Tammany Hall should Governor ROBINSON be renominated by the Democrats in New York may be unintelligible to spectators in other States. It is, however, only a movement in the Presidential campaign of next year. New York is believed to be the essential State. Its vote, it is supposed, will elect the President. If Mr. TILDEN can get the nomination, it is assumed that he will be elected; and if his friends control the Democratic party this autumn, it is taken for granted that he will get the nomination. The threatened bolt of Tammany Hall is meant to prevent his nomination, by making it impossible for Mr. TILDEN and his friends to carry the State this year. This is, of course, a game at which two can play. If Tammany Hall should succeed in preventing the renomination of Governor ROBINSON, the TILDEN faction can quietly bolt by not voting, so that the loss of the State by the Democrats may seem to be due to the defeat of Mr. TILDEN'S desires, and make conformity to them the condition of probable success next year. No compromise candidate is possible. Tammany holds that whoever is not against Mr. TILDEN is for him, while, on the other hand, the TILDEN creed is that whoever is not for him is against him. The TILDEN side is as much interested to defeat Judge CHURCH or Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER as Tammany to defeat Governor ROBINSON, with this sole reserve, that if New York should prove to be Democratic this year under any circumstances, it would be better for Mr. TILDEN than a complete Republican victory. Tammany's success this year would probably defeat him next year. Republican success would defeat him certainly.

Meanwhile Mr. TILDEN'S hold upon his party is a curious phenomenon. He is wholly without personal ascendency. He has no kind of prestige as orator, or hero, or statesman. He is scarcely known out of New York, and here he is known merely as a politician. In New York he was not a leading or eminent citizen until he was Governor, and he was Governor by intrigue. He was not conspicuous in general public movements and interests. He was identified with no cause of reform or progress. He was a clever, money-making lawyer, and a methodical, life-long politician. The most nefarious political frauds were perpetrated under his name as Chairman of the State Committee of his party; and during all the TWEED saturnalia of crime, Mr. TILDEN was the official head of the organization which TWEED controlled. This did not make him an accomplice of TWEED, but it showed a curiously easy political morality. As chairman he had established a perfect system of political communication with every district in the State, even more thorough and detailed than that of Mr. THURLOW WEED. During the war his position was not that of an open, declared, and strenuous patriot, but the reverse. In 1876, during the reaction against the Republicans, due to the whiskey prosecutions, the Crédit Mobilier, and similar transactions, and when the hard times were naturally attributed to the party in power, Mr. TILDEN saw that the word "reform" was a powerful spell, and by means of the machinery which he had been so long constructing he was made Governor. He surrounded himself with new men, young Democrats, and Republicans who had drifted out of their party, but all of whom owed their promotion to him, and became his devoted henchmen. He attacked the Canal Ring, and enforced measures which had been previously suggested by Republicans; and under the same cry of reform, and by means of the same machinery and skillful use of the situation, he secured the nomination to the Presidency. The result of the election was doubtful, and the agents of the candidate of "reform" tried to buy the decisive vote. In Louisiana Democratic "reform" had bulldozed colored voters, and simultaneously throughout the country denounced the execution of the law which authorized throwing out the votes of bulldozed districts as a frightful fraud. The Electoral Commission happily adjusted the dispute, and Mr. HAYES was declared to be President. Mr. TILDEN insisted that he had been cheated out of the Presidency; and while he was protesting, the attempt of his agents to buy the vote was discovered and exposed. The end of Mr. TILDEN'S "reform" was the most startling effort at corruption in our whole political history.

To-day Mr. TILDEN is seen clearly by the whole country to be what he was always known to be in his own State—a clever, intriguing politician. Reform was a convenient cry. Those who really supposed him to be the great patriotic statesman whom the country and the time demanded, and who had been unaccountably hidden away for many years in Tammany Hall and the chairmanship of TWEED'S Democratic State Committee, are now undeceived. The glamour is gone. The Democratic party will certainly not masquerade next year as a party of reform; and if Mr. TILDEN is nominated, it will not be due to any belief that he can carry the country as a reformer, but wholly to his ability to master the Convention as a politician. "Machine" politics, the politics of intrigue and management and finesse, the politics which use principle and patriotism as a mere shibboleth, and which depend solely upon party regularity and discipline, had never a more complete representative than Mr. TILDEN. The one prominent politician whom he most recalls, not by any personal resemblance, but by similarity of political methods, is MARTIN VAN BUREN, of whom the latest profound and admirable historian of our politics gives this picture: "The man understands how to wait without manifesting the least sign of impatience, but he will never walk away from a mark which he has once aimed at, and he thinks himself good enough for the best. Even if his temperament should not preserve him from palpable misdeeds, he would never become guilty of them, because he is wise enough to know that they would be irreparable mistakes. With happy facility he reconciles himself to the most different convictions and parts, and even to those of the man sure of himself and rooted in principle. He does not urge his boat onward by the powerful oar-strokes of his own arm, but he knows where to find a proper rag as a sail to catch every wind that blows. Yet even the storm does not terrify him when he discovers by his always cool process of calculation that it will not presumably last so long but that he may consider himself safe from all serious danger. For no object can he risk everything, for, in the last analysis, he never cares for an idea: always for himself, and for himself alone."

THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.

IT is foolish and disgraceful for the Republicans in New York to count upon Democratic quarrels to give them success. The election of last year showed that the Democrats have a large margin, and the causes that would lead Tammany to bolt would bring the Democratic ticket many voters, unless Republicans are wise. The regular party vote is not enough to make victory sure, and the Republican nominations, to be really strong, must show the kind of men and of politics that Republican success would bring forward. When Mr. TILDEN in 1876 promoted the nomination of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS in Massachusetts, it was not because he expected that Mr. ADAMS would be elected, or that Massachusetts would vote for a Democratic President. It was part of his strategy, and a wise part of it. It was intended to show the country the kind of man and the character of politics that a Democratic victory would bring in. In the same way the re-election of Messrs. CHANDLER and LOGAN to the Senate has been an injury to the Republican party as identifying it with things of which the country is tired.

It is agreed that the vote of New York is almost indispensable to the Republicans in the general election of next year. Its Republican nominations this year, therefore, will be regarded as a declaration of the spirit and purpose of the party. Does it set its face forward? Does it choose for its representatives its best men? Does it show itself to be mindful of public interests by selecting men of large capacity to deal with public affairs? Does it nominate men who are their own men, or those who are mere lieutenants and subalterns and agents of other men? Does it propose for State officers men worthy to hold such places in a great community, or does it prefer to trail at the skirts of small politicians? These are the questions that are asked of Republican New York, and Republican New York will answer at its Convention. Its answer can not be mistaken, and important results depend upon it. The voting people of the State are not deeply interested in personal politics, but there are enough of them to decide the election who will require more of the Republican candidate, as against a Democrat like Governor ROBINSON, than that he is "a sound Republican." In a State so evenly divided between parties as New York, with the probability of the renomination of a Democratic Governor who is believed to be an honest and economical Executive, and with the independent vote inclined to distrust and forsake the Republican party as a party spoiled by a long tenure of national power, the weakest Republican nomination possible would be that of a machine politician. It is exceedingly idle to reply that there must be machine politicians. Even if it be true, does it in the least degree affect the fact that such a nomination would be the weakest possible, and that it is a nomination "not fit to be made?"

The Republican party assumes to be especially the party of intelligence, character, industry, and patriotism. It can not justify its claim by choosing unworthy representatives. Unquestionably it lost prestige very rapidly between 1872 and 1876, and the loss was due mainly to causes which are well understood. The simple and legitimate method of recovering ascendency is to show that such objections no longer exist, and this can be done in no way so effectually as by the kind of men selected as representatives. The Saratoga Convention can nominate a ticket which will disgust the independent people of the State with the Republican party as hopelessly hide-bound. Such a nomination would be supported by the "regulars," and by nobody else. Hosts of Republicans would stay at home. The Democrats and Independents would actively oppose it, and it would do all that Republicans can do this year to lose next year's election. The Convention, on the other hand, can nominate candidates who would show that the party prefers public capacity to mere party service, and that Republican success does not mean petty measures and little men. We do not mention names, although names have been freely mentioned, because such standards dispose of names. Nobody has any "claims" whatever. The only claim is that of the State to the best service of its best men. The true party policy is to nominate Republicans who may be described as truly representative of the highest party aims, and whose capacity and character are the earnest of service like that of JAY and CLINTON.

THE COURTS AND THE INDIANS.

A LETTER in the Providence *Journal* signed "A. C. B." (which are the initials of Mr. AMOS C. BARSTOW, an eminent citizen of Rhode Island, who has been, we think, upon the Indian Board) discusses the Ponca question in excellent temper and with ample knowledge. Mr. BARSTOW—if it be he—speaks with a sympathy which is undoubtedly sincere of the efforts now making to call attention to the suffering of the Indians, and he asserts emphatically and truly that an attack upon the Indian policy of the Administration, which is humane and just, is in the interest of corrupt Indian rings. He says:

"The Administration may make mistakes in some line of its policy toward the Indians, but it may be safely affirmed that it will do nothing knowingly in the interest of fraud, corruption, or oppression. Its attitude upon the Ponca question may, and to some doubtless does, seem oppressive, but it can really take no other. It stands for the enforcement of the laws. Its disposition is mild, gentle, and forbearing toward this weak tribe, as it should be; and it has a high aim with reference to the education and civilization of the race."

He then proceeds to tell the story of the Poncas, with the statement that when they were forced upon the new territory, and it was found to be unhealthy, the present Administration invited them to select a new domain, which they did, and which is well drained, healthy, high, and fertile. It is from this domain that the band of rather more than a hundred had moved northward to the neighborhood of their old home. The Administration was bound under the law to return them. But Mr. TIBBLES and his friends sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the United States judge ordered their release. These hundred Poncas are now living unharmed near their old homes, and no appeal has been taken against the ruling of the court. The government is waiting for the second thought, which will induce the Poncas to return to the territory where alone under the law it can aid them efficiently.

This is the statement of "A. C. B.," and he adds that the Administration not only sends no peaceful Indians to the territory, but firmly advocates the policy of giving lands in fee and in severalty to all civilized Indians upon the reservations where they now are. The strongest opponents, he says, of this policy are the people of Nebraska, and he calls Mr. TIBBLES, who is from Nebraska, sharply to account for his silence in regard to the quiet and highly civilized Santees, whom a Nebraska Senator wishes to banish from the State without their consent. They have been petitioners for homestead rights. The Administration favors them. "A. C. B." exhorts Mr. TIBBLES to advocate their cause, and says that, bad as Indian rings may be, political rings are worse. Of the merits of the case of the Santees we know only what "A. C. B." says. But we are glad to know that he is in hearty sympathy with the purpose which Mr. TIBBLES seeks to promote—protection of law for the Indians, whether of the Poncas as against General CROOK, or of the Santees as against the State of Nebraska. If the squatters on the original reservation of the Poncas can be dispossessed, and the Indians by their desire restored, by judgment of the courts, we shall have made a long step toward the solution of the Indian problem.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

THE volume of political gossip is rapidly increasing in this country, and if Mr. THURLOW WEED's diary or memoirs should be as personal and detailed as GREVILLE'S, it would be a book of great popular interest. The contemporary diarist has a great advantage over the mere testimony of a later memory. But where there is no contemporary record, every statement must be taken with great reserve. A late paper in the *North American Review*, and newspapers in commenting upon it, discuss the New York Senatorial election of Mr. IRA HARRIS over Mr. EVARTS.

The author of the article asserts that Mr. EVARTS was "slaughtered," at Mr. SEWARD's instigation, by Mr. WEED. Mr. WEED corrects this statement. The contest was really between Mr. EVARTS and Mr. GREELEY. Mr. GREELEY had already dissolved "the firm of SEWARD, WEED, and GREELEY," and Mr. SEWARD certainly could not have preferred Mr. GREELEY as his successor; and it had been understood that if Mr. SEWARD were nominated at Chicago for the Presidency, his friends in New York would support Mr. EVARTS for the Senate. Mr. SEWARD, also, was a man of great public spirit, with generous ideas of the public service, although a warm partisan; and his pride as a New-Yorker as well as his interest in the successful administration of his party, in which he was to be the chief of the cabinet, would naturally incline him to Mr. EVARTS. The only reason that Mr. SEWARD could have had for wishing Mr. EVARTS "slaughtered" was jealousy—a dislike to see his own brilliant service brilliantly continued by a friend. This is not supposable. Mr. SEWARD, as we say, was a strong party man, but he was sure, under the circumstances, to prefer Mr. EVARTS to Mr. GREELEY; and, as Mr. WEED says, it was only when it was evident that Mr. EVARTS could not be elected, and that to persist in supporting him would end in the election of Mr. GREELEY, that the friends of Mr. EVARTS at last voted for Judge HARRIS.

The actual result was undoubtedly due to Mr. WEED's hostility to Mr. GREELEY. There could be no comparison in public eminence and service at that time between Mr. GREELEY and Judge HARRIS. But Mr. GREELEY was thought to be whimsical and impracticable, and he was peculiarly repugnant to the "machine" which Mr. WEED controlled. Without injurious reflection upon him, it can not be regretted that he was defeated. If, when the movement of secession began, Mr. GREELEY had declared in his place as Senator from New York, the views which he uttered as editor of the *Tribune*, and had voted accordingly, the result would have been calamitous. Judge HARRIS hesitated a little, if we remember correctly, about the expulsion of BRIGHT, but with that exception he moved steadily with the party. It was Mr. GREELEY, not Mr. EVARTS, whom Mr. WEED and his friends "slaughtered."

A CALL FOR HELP.

MORE than twenty years ago Archbishop TRENCH read a paper before the Philological Society in London on deficiencies in English dictionaries, and from the discussion that followed grew the project of a new English dictionary, and an appeal was made to English and American scholars to furnish quotations illustrating the use of English words by all writers in all ages and in all senses. The work began under the editorship of Mr. HERBERT COLERIDGE, who unhappily soon died. Mr. FURNIVALL succeeded him efficiently; but the work languished, and the only sign of life has been the unremitting devotion of half a dozen of the sub-editors, who have been reading, and noting, and accumulating, until now there is a vast store of material some tons in weight, and an arrangement has been made with the Clarendon Press for the publication of a dictionary. Dr. MURRAY, the president of the Philological Society, is the editor, with a proper staff.

The work will be a monument of scholarship. It is now proposed that it shall fill four volumes of the size of Webster's Dictionary, or one and a half times as large as Littré's French Dictionary. It is hoped that the work may be completed in ten years, and that the first part, containing the letter A, may be issued in 1882. The point of present importance is active co-operation by scholars and readers in all the English-speaking countries. It is in the literature of the eighteenth century especially that help is needed, and that American assistance is asked, especially in reading American authors. Dr. MURRAY has prepared a list of books that he would like to have read at once. It is desirable also, and it is requested, that American readers aid with recent books, showing the additions made to the language, as names for physical features, productions, etc. Our own literature is so manageable that it is peculiarly tempting for this purpose, and there are thousands of readers in the country who will be glad to have an objective point for their industry.

Professor F. A. MARCH, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, is the American director or secretary of the enterprise, and he will furnish all necessary information, including the lists of works in which the labor should be undertaken without delay.

DANGERS TO NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE *Herald* has performed a great public service by calling attention to the urgent need of protecting New York Harbor from the obstructions caused by dumping the refuse of the city within the limits fixed by law. The statute in the case is explicit, and was intended to make the dumping of offal or animal matter in New York Bay or its adjacent waters a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment; but the law is constantly violated with impunity, although everybody knows that the ship channels are gradually filling up, and that, if the practice is not checked, the harbor will be ruined.

A short time ago the *Herald*, in order to obtain unimpeachable evidence of the guilt of the parties under contract to remove the city's garbage, sent out two reporters on a steam-yacht to watch their operations under cover of darkness. The facts obtained fully bore out all that has been said by the city press in regard to the dangers that threaten the harbor. Barge after barge was emptied of its horrible load in positions where the tide, instead of carrying the vile mass out to sea, would sweep it upon the adjacent shores, or, where cinders and other heavy matter were dumped, leave it to form dangerous shoals, and obstruct the channels. Eight scow-loads were emptied directly in front of Coney Island while the tide was flowing inward, and the surface of the sea was covered for a space at least a quarter of a mile square with putrid slime. In an interview with a reporter, the superintendent of the Union Dredging Company stated that these eight loads must have helped to shoal a space of a quarter of a mile. There are cases where the depth of the channels has been reduced nearly one-half; and if this thing is permitted to go on, New York will be compelled at no very distant day to dredge them out at a vast expense, or see its harbor closed against the entrance of large vessels.

A WELCOME GUEST.

THE cordial reception of Mr. THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER by the press will show him that we are not unmindful of the friends who were friendly in the dark days. Our cause during the civil war was maintained by brave men in other countries, not only by constant and vigorous justification of its justice, but by practical efforts to prevent hostile action. Mr. POTTER was the president of the Union and Emancipation Society, which, although it was wretchedly small, was the efficient head of the otherwise headless and helpless masses of the English people in resisting intervention in favor of the slave power. In the indispensable and invaluable work of that society Mr. POTTER spent his substance and his time, and earned the resentment of the nabobs of Lancashire, who, like their fellows everywhere, were hostile to the Union. This was a service both to his own country and to ours, a service to freedom and humanity, which the men of these days do not forget, and which their children ought gratefully to remember. Mr. POTTER comes upon his first visit to this country, and he will find many memories of the war already dimmed, but not, we believe, that of those Englishmen who conspicuously and efficiently befriended us. He is now the president of the Cobden Club, and he may perhaps suppose that he can in some way advance the cause of free trade. He will find us, however, as generally indifferent to that as DICKENS found us indifferent to an international copyright. But he may be sure of the most respectful hearing, and of the attention which comes from the conviction that, however impracticable it may seem to be at present, it is really the doctrine of international peace and good-will.

Mr. POTTER belongs to that group of Englishmen by which the most cordial relations are maintained between his country and ours. There are two Englands, as there are two Americas. Lord BEACONSFIELD wrote of them long ago. But the aristocratic England, the Tory and reactionary and Jingo England of the earl, is very different from that of the commoner. Criticism of the one must not be supposed to be censure of the other, and it is only when England is identified with the Prime Minister that it is spoken of as an alien country. The England of JOHN BRIGHT and his friend THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER is the England that America honors as she honors that of MILTON and of HAMPDEN.

PERSONAL.

STANLEY, the explorer, is again in Africa, under the auspices of the King of the Belgians, who is anxious to open trade with the natives on the great Congo River. About the middle of July last he sailed from Gibraltar for the West Coast of Africa in a steamer. A steamer laden with goods has also been sent from Antwerp, which will remain at the Congo till STANLEY's arrival. The steamer has on board two or three steam-barges in sections, in which to ascend the Congo, carrying these sections piecemeal around the Gellala Falls. The King of the Belgians has manifested great interest and great energy in thus being the first to gain a foot-hold among the natives.

—Sir BARTLE FRERE, for the work he has done, is one of the best-pensioned men in England. An official statement of his revenue for past services is as follows: "Pension from Indian government, £1000; annuity as retired member of the Indian Council, £500; as Governor of the Cape Colony, £5000; as High Commissioner of South Africa, £1000; rent for country house, £500; special allowance for South Africa, £2000. Total, £10,000 a year. Of this sum £1500 comes from the revenues of India, £6500 from the Cape Colony, and £2000 from the revenues of Great Britain." For a man who has really done no diplomatic or civil work of a commanding character, these pensions, equal in the aggregate to the salary of the President of the United States, may be considered very sweet and grateful things.

—M. THIERS left his unpublished manuscripts in care of the Bank of England—the only author ever thus cared for by a great financial institution. The "paper" of authors is generally found outside of banks. One of the manuscripts relates to the personal transactions of THIERS in the government of LOUIS PHILIPPE; with it was sent a money deposit in prevision of the impending events, which soon followed. Another, relating to the part played by M. THIERS from 1870 to 1877, was forwarded by his wife, immediately after his death, to avoid seizure by the BROGLIE cabinet.

—The amount of money and jewelry stolen by the ex-Khedive from the public treasury and the harems is simply astounding. From the treasury he took $1,500,000 in cash, and other property valued at $18,000,000. Besides this he is allowed a large pension from the government. In the impoverished condition of the Egyptian treasury one wonders if there really could be so large a sum as $20,000,000 upon which a royal robber could so promptly lay his hands and walk off with, without any writs, summonses, or similar processes which we have in this country.

—Dr. PHILLIPS, of London, has recovered one of the largest verdicts ever won by an individual against a railway corporation for injuries received from an accident. The amount given him was $35,000; yet he appeals from this large award, claiming that his expenses were more than $5000, and his professional income more than $25,000, and that he was for sixteen months disabled. The company opposed his application, but in vain.

—Some idea of the frightful state of things existing at Memphis may be gathered from the statement of Dr. R. W. MITCHELL, the intrepid physician, who describes the city as wholly cut off from the world. There are no trains running into or out of the town, and nobody leaves the place without the authorities knowing it. No steamboats land there at all. The supplies are all brought down on barges, which are dropped by the steamboats a couple of miles above the city, and allowed to float down. When they arrive at the city, men in skiffs or tugs secure them, and bring them to the landing. If there is any fever carried abroad, it is done by some daring peddler, who runs his wagon of supplies into the town on a venture, sells out, and then clears out.

—Nearly seven hundred years ago—in 1180—a Teuton named WITTELSBACH was created a baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and granted the barony of Bayern. The lineal descendants of WITTELSBACH succeeded each other until, in 1879, a WITTELSBACH is still holding a court in the lands and halls of his fathers, under the style and title of King of Bavaria. In 1880 the sixth centennial anniversary of the house will be celebrated by a jubilee at the Monastery of Schevern, where the bodies of one hundred and twenty male WITTELSBACHS are crumbling to dust.

—Still another "personal" of Pope LEO—this one from a German writer, who describes him not only as being very frugal, but as carrying his frugality into every department of the papal household. The incomes of all the officials have been cut down, and the unnecessary horses and vehicles which formerly filled the stables and coach-houses have been sold, the Pope reserving for his own use a modest landau, in which, by order of his doctors, he drives for an hour daily in the gardens of the Vatican. "Nobody," says this correspondent of the *Deutsche Montagsblatt*, "now ventures to protest against the system of rigid economy which has been established—fearing, probably, that were they to do so they would be punished as Monsignor TAVANI was a short time ago. Monsignor TAVANI, on his pay being reduced from 500 francs to 300 francs a month, wrote a letter of remonstrance to the Pope, and in answer was at once ordered to join the monastery of the Pessimists of San Giovanni-Paolo, and there to live with the brothers of the order for two months."

—Mr. JOSEPH PATTERSON, one of the oldest and most successful bankers of Philadelphia, and a gentleman of scholarly tastes and culture, is named as a possible successor to Minister WELSH at London. A writer in the London *Whitehall Review* says: "Mr. PATTERSON and his charming house are known to a large number of English travellers in the United States, and when he has visited us he has won golden opinions. He also has the advantage of being acquainted with most of our leading public men, including Mr. GLADSTONE, who, I remember, had a long and earnest conversation with him one evening at a dinner party at Sir THOMAS DYKE ACLAND'S. Mr. PATTERSON would be as popular and efficient a minister as Mr. WELSH."

—A son of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author and M.P., is making his mark as a writer. A late number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* has a paper by him on "Prince Napoleon."

—Captain WILLIAM NEWTON, who died a few days since at Sherburne, Chenango County, New York, at the age of ninety-two, was the father of eleven children, one of whom is Professor H. A. NEWTON, of Yale College.

—KINDER FERGUSON, the oldest man in Indiana, died a few days since at the great age of one hundred and eight. He was born in Montgomery County, Virginia, in 1771. He came from a long-lived family. His mother died at the age of one hundred and seven. He served through the entire war of 1812, and for over sixty years had drawn a pension. He was eccentric in many ways. He never brooded over trouble, real or imaginary, but accepted whatever fell to his lot with apparent satisfaction. He never at any one time possessed more than one hundred dollars' worth of property, yet never lacked for the necessaries of life. He never enjoyed or endured an idle moment. For several months before and up to the time of his death he slept under a feather-bed, wrapped up head and ears, no matter how hot the weather, and seemed to suffer when a cold draught of air passed over him. He shaved regularly, and was very particular and cleanly about his person. He was a moderate drinker all his life, and never belonged to any church until he was seventy years of age, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

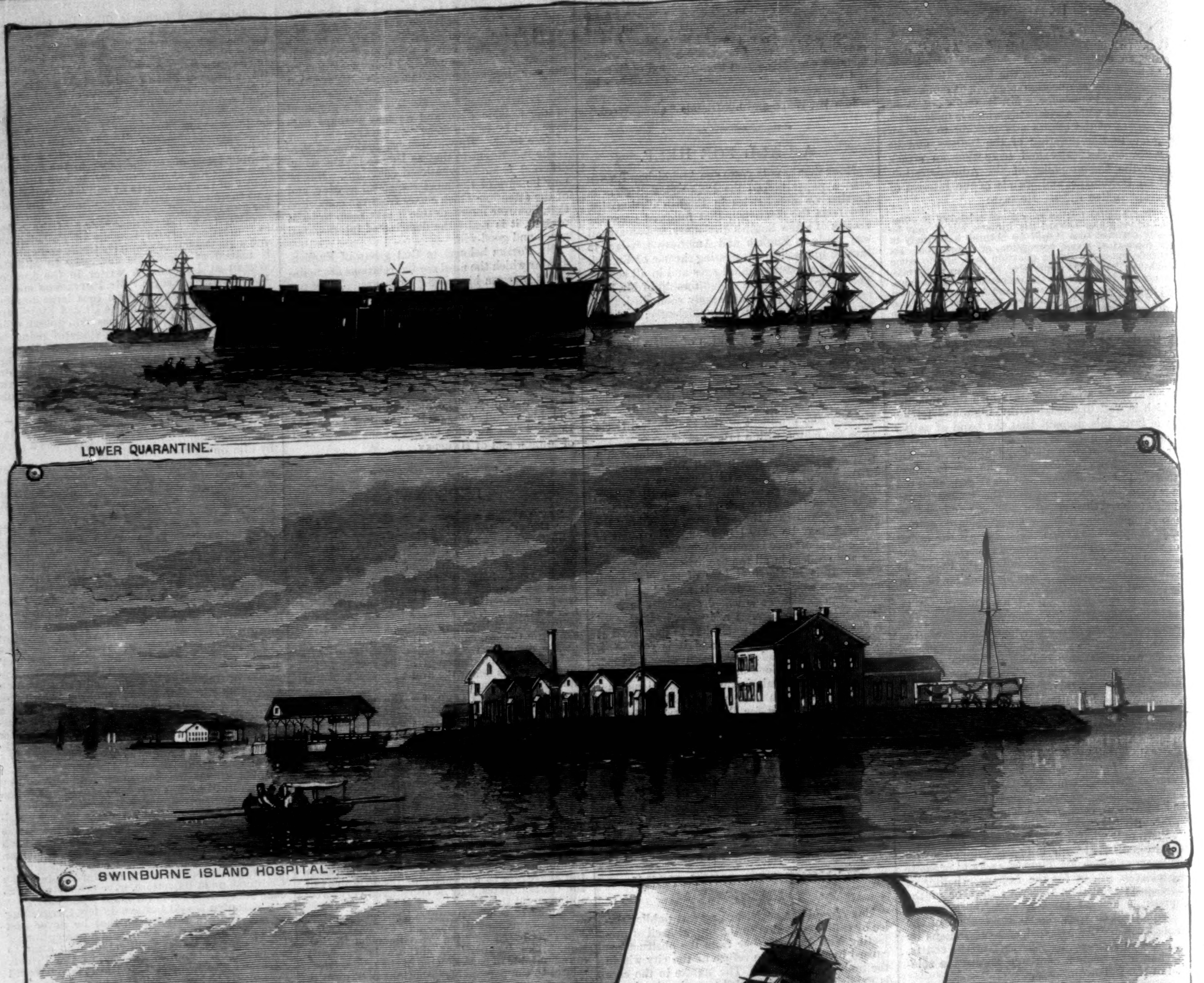
—Many distinguished French ladies are excellent artists. The Dowager Duchess FITZ-JAMES is described as the ROSA BONHEUR of the French nobility; the Marquise de Mun is equally accomplished, while the chalks and crayons of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and the water-colors of the Comtesse de la Bassetière, have been admired at each succeeding Salon for many years past.

—KOSSUTH is said to have declared, regarding Prince JEROME NAPOLEON, that he never met with any man who had so rapid a perception of the bearing of things political, or who came to a sensible decision so quickly, as the Prince. KOSSUTH also believes that the Prince "would very gladly be Emperor if only he could be elected to the imperial throne by universal suffrage; but he is not the man to begin an agitation; he is wanting in the necessary courage." KOSSUTH declares, concerning himself, that he has never written his "memoirs," and has no intention of producing any such book.

—Mr. JOHN D. WRIGHT, the founder and president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, died in this city August 21, at the age of eighty. He was nearly seventy-five years old when he founded the society with which his name is associated, and which has rescued many a helpless child from a life of misery.

—The greatest of the notabilities at the baths of Lucca is said to be Prince GHIKA, of Bucharest, a man of forty, who looks about thirty. He has for suite a monkey, a dog, and a valet. He is interesting and somewhat melancholy, keeps much to himself and monkey, or to the society of Russians, and pays great attention to his personal appearance. The instruments of his washing and dressing apparatus are of solid silver, or adorned with that metal, and his consumption of clean shirts is reputed to be extraordinary, amounting to as many as three or four per diem. He seems not to have much reliance on the attachment of his dog, for when he takes that animal out for exercise he secures him by a string. Prince GHIKA is touchy concerning his rank, and is said to have corrected a cabman for addressing him as "Signore" instead of "Excellency."

—MANGIONE, the revolutionist, who recently attempted to assassinate the Syndic of Naples at Rome, used to be the guardian of a cemetery, and was discharged for misconduct. From that time he has done nothing but write and talk about the injustice inflicted upon him, and the persecution to which he asserts he has been subjected. On his hearing that the new Pro-Syndic of Naples had arrived in Rome, he waited for him in the corridor of the hotel, and, accosting him, presented him with a pamphlet he had written, entitled "The Flea and the Lion." "The flea?" said the Syndic, reading the title. "That is me," added MANGIONE. "And the lion?" continued the Syndic. "Is yourself," said the other: "read it when you go to bed, and you will find it interesting." Count GIUSSO replied: "I am perfectly frank with all men—I shall not have time to read your pamphlet;" and with that handed it back, and turned up the stairs. The next night MANGIONE waylaid the Syndic. The struggle between the assassin and his victim was deadly. Twice they rolled on the ground; but fortunately in the first fall the point of the dagger struck the pavement, and but for this the effect of the following blows would doubtless have been fatal. The assassin displayed the greatest indifference. As the police were holding him he said, "You need not be afraid of my escaping; more likely that scoundrel in there"—pointing to the room where they had carried the Syndic—"will make off."



QUARANTINE, NEW YORK BAY.—DRAWN BY F. S. COZZENS.—[SEE PAGE 706.]

BENJAMIN ROBERT WINTHROP.

If there is in the city one place which concentrates more than any other the history and recognized traditions of "old New York," it is the church and church-yard of "St. Mark's in the Bowery." There repose tranquilly together the representatives of three of the successive governments under which the Colony, Province, and State of New York have risen from obscure and even sordid beginnings to the glories of authority and empire: PETER STUYVESANT, grand even in the broad caricature by which the genius of IRVING has immortalized his fame; HENRY SLOUGHTER, who will be remembered for the death-warrant of JACOB LEISLER, which he "signed in his cups," and the brief space of time in which he followed his victim to the grave; and DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, the War Governor of 1812, whose name will fill a larger page in the history of his native State when that comes to be fully written.

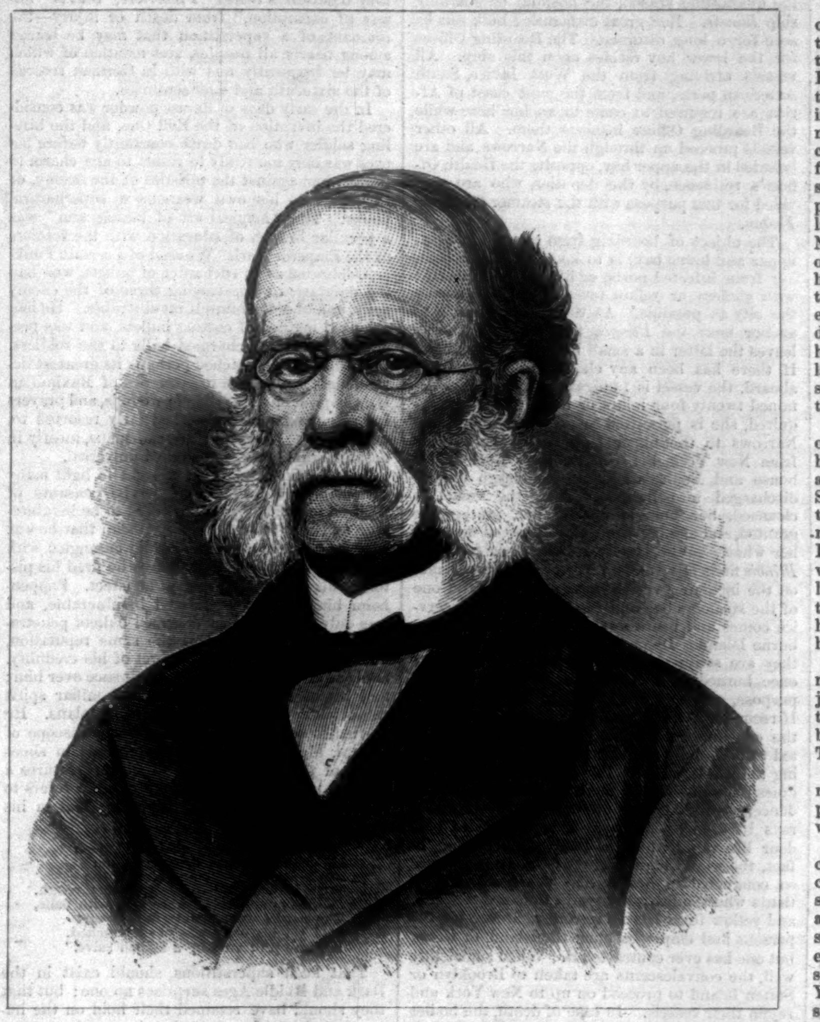
A multitude of such memories crowd upon the mind of him who stands by the open entrance to any of the ancient family tombs to which, one by one, the "old New-Yorkers" are reverently and lovingly consigned by those who have known them best and honored them most. "The glory of children are their fathers," and the fiercest democrat must bow at the threshold of the grave to which is conducted the casket containing all that is mortal of the worthy representative of an eminent and honored ancestry.

Such most emphatically was BENJAMIN ROBERT WINTHROP, whose death in London on the 26th of July has been widely announced by the public press, and whose funeral obsequies were celebrated at St. Mark's on the 20th of August, 1879.

Mr. WINTHROP traced his ancestry in direct lines, on one side to that marvellous Puritan Governor of Massachusetts whose name and fame all succeeding generations of her historians have delighted to honor; and on the other to PETER STUYVESANT, whose memory and character are held in no less reverence and admiration by every genuine New-Yorker. It is a fact worthy of notice in this connection that when New Netherland was conquered by the English in 1664, the good offices of JOHN WINTHROP the younger, then Governor of Connecticut, were of signal value in mitigating the terms of surrender. It may be fairly inferred that this fact was duly considered in the settlement of terms of that later conquest in which the descendant of the former victor was only too proud and happy to surrender at discretion, and the lines of STUYVESANT and WINTHROP were forever united.

The subject of this notice was born on the 18th of January, 1804, in Stuyvesant Street, near the Bowery, his father, BENJAMIN, being a descendant in the sixth generation from JOHN WINTHROP, the first Governor of Massachusetts, and his mother, JUDITH STUYVESANT, descendant of the fifth generation from PETER STUYVESANT. Her mother was MARGARET LIVINGSTON, a granddaughter of the founder of that family in America. She was also of the blood of the BEEKMANS.

A sister of Mr. WINTHROP's mother became the wife of Colonel NICHOLAS FISH of Revolutionary memory, and mother of the Hon. HAMILTON FISH, late Secretary of State of the United States and Governor of New York; and a brother of his father, THOMAS LINDALL WINTHROP, married a daughter of Sir JOHN TEMPLE, whose youngest child is the well and widely known and honored



BENJAMIN ROBERT WINTHROP.

statesman and orator, the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston. The Hon. GEORGE FOLSOM, at one time United States Minister to the Hague, and an eminent historical scholar, married a sister of Mr. WINTHROP; and the late JOHN WINTHROP CHANLER, for several years a Representative of New York city in the United States Congress, was the son of another sister.

Mr. WINTHROP's wife, a daughter of WILLIAM NEILSON, of New York, survives him, with three sons and two daughters.

Mr. WINTHROP was for a time in early life a clerk in the banking house of JACOB BARKER, whose mercantile reputation and financial achievements commanded a wide notoriety half a century ago. It was in this position that he became intimate with the late FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, a fellow-clerk, and laid the foundation of a life-long friendship with that genial poet and gentleman. But Mr. WINTHROP's inheritance was such as to make its management his principal business in life, and its enjoyment gave him ample leisure to devote to the interests of society in the care and direction of public institutions of education, charity, and religion. Throughout all its history, New York has been foremost in liberal provision and benefactions for these objects, and among her citizens has never lacked in number, wealth, or worth those who were necessary to maintain and direct these great engines of Christian civilization.

Mr. WINTHROP identified himself with several of these organizations. His constant interest in the development of the system of public instruction led him to service as a trustee of the old Public School Society, of which he was one of the most active members; and on its dissolution, in 1853, he became a School Commissioner and member of the Board of Education. He was a conspicuous trustee and officer of the Institution for Savings of Merchants' Clerks, in which his sound judgment, judicious counsel, and ripe experience are acknowledged to have contributed largely to its success and high reputation. The New York Hospital, the Lying-in Hospital, and other similar institutions shared the benefit of his experience and counsel for many years; and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was the especial object of his devoted attention and care during its very long period of trial, out of which his watchful energy and liberality contributed largely to bring it to the position of strength, safety, and permanent usefulness which it continues to enjoy.

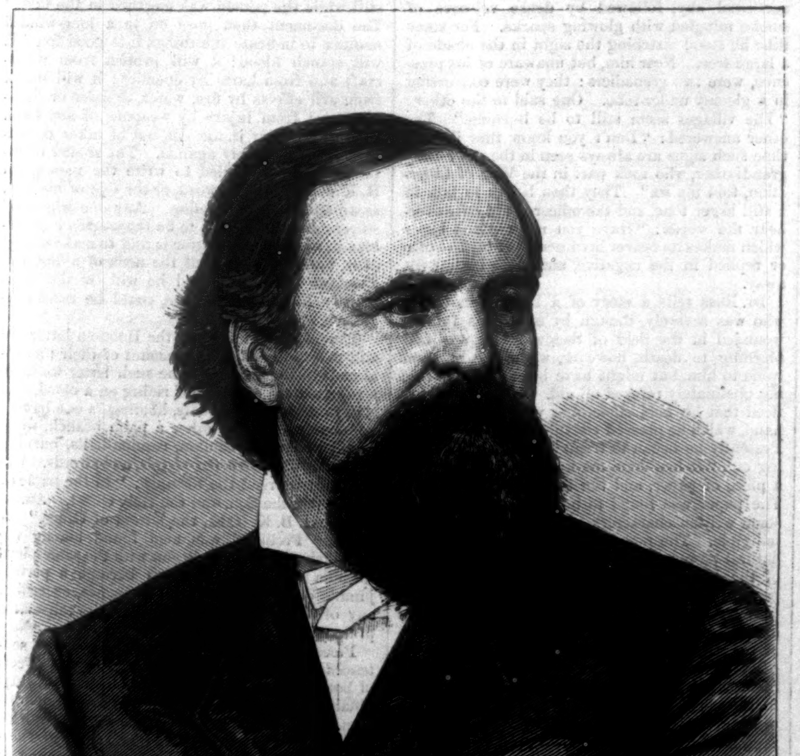
Recognizing its claims upon him as a citizen of no mean city, Mr. WINTHROP was for nearly half a century one of the most earnest, active, and valued members of the New York Historical Society, which was second to none in his affections. His services on its committees, and for many years as its Recording Secretary and Vice-President, have been distinguished and of great value, and his continuous residence in Europe of late years alone interrupted his personal attention to its interests, and the share in its official honors which the society gratefully forced upon him.

Mr. WINTHROP was for many years a vestryman of Trinity Church, and it is to his taste and judgment as a member of the Cemetery Committee that the public is indebted for originating the beautiful display of plants in the church-yards of Trinity Parish.

He had recently caused a memorial window, in remembrance of his father and mother, to be placed in St. Mark's Church, where he himself was baptized, married, and is now buried.

Mr. WINTHROP was a genial and entertaining companion in the society of his friends, and his conversation was full of spirit. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, was an excellent mimic, and when in the vein among his intimates his skill as a *raconteur* was inimitable. No one who ever heard them is likely to forget his picturesque sketches of men and things in the old New York, which he could so vividly recall. He was singularly reluctant to challenge public attention, and hated notoriety. Being of a slender frame and spare habit, his general make-up and physique did not carry the impression of robust health. Yet, until the beginning of the rapid decline in which his life ended, he was a man vigorous both in mind and body, and the nervous energy with which he made his points and carried them out indicated no constitutional weakness.

His end was peace. The spirit of tender and affectionate gratitude which rewarded those who watched his wasting days and hours with friendly and filial sympathy was the last expression of the character of a Christian gentleman of the old school. His memory will be cherished in many hearts, which are filled with regret at his loss, as that of a benefactor and friend. No more signal and expressive tribute can be written than the following passage from a letter of one who has



THE HON. CHARLES FOSTER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

GENERAL THOMAS EWING, JUN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

experienced his kindness and shared in his friendship:

"I have lost the most steadfast, the wisest, and noblest friend of my whole life. How sore and heavy my heart is I can not attempt to say, nor yet how deeply I sympathize with you and those other friends and kindred who, knowing him better, must needs have honored and loved him even more than I, though I believe no one in the world owes more to him than I do."

QUARANTINE AT NEW YORK.

FROM a recent report of the Commissioners of Quarantine we condense the following account of the measures taken to preserve the healthfulness of New York against contagious diseases that may be brought hither by ships arriving from infected ports.

The first quarantine law for the port of New York was enacted about one hundred and twenty years ago, by the Legislature of the then colony. It was entitled "An act to prevent the bringing in and spreading of infectious distempers in the colony," and stipulated that vessels having small-pox, yellow fever, or other contagious diseases aboard should stop on their way to the city at Bedloe's Island, and there be quarantined, under heavy penalties for disobedience. In 1784 the State Legislature re-enacted this law substantially. In 1794 it authorized the Governor of the State to appropriate Governor's Island for quarantine purposes, erecting hospitals, reception buildings, etc. Five years later (1799), Staten Island, six miles down the bay, was designated by the Legislature, in place of Governor's Island, as the place for quarantine, and full authority was given for securing anchorage grounds, and erecting a hospital upon the shore, to be known as the Marine Hospital. Two years later (1801), the quarantine establishment, such as it was, was fully located at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, where it remained for over sixty years, subject, during the latter part of that period, to the control of a board of Health Commissioners.

With the increase of population in the vicinity, the bitter hostility became so intense upon Staten Island that the Legislature, March, 1857, authorized the appointing of three Commissioners to select a site elsewhere, and erect the necessary docks, buildings, etc. The Governor appointed GEORGE HALL, EGBERT BENSON, and O. BOWNE, who were the first Quarantine Commissioners. They selected Sandy Hook as the point for the new boarding station, but were unable to effect a purchase from New Jersey. They then selected Seguine's Point, on the south shore of Staten Island, and proceeded to erect a pier, buildings, etc. The people in the vicinity, however, turned out in a body one night (May 6, 1857), and burned everything connected with the new station. Another application to obtain Sandy Hook also failed, and the old station at Tompkinsville was continued in use. Incensed at this failure to procure a removal, the surrounding population invaded the quarantine inclosure, on the night of September 1 and 2, and destroyed all the buildings and other property, for which the county subsequently paid the State over one hundred thousand dollars, in accordance with the law making any county within which property is destroyed by a mob liable for the loss. Following this destruction of property, the Commissioners decided to construct a floating hospital. They subsequently, however, reconsidered this determination, and December 21, 1858, recommended the construction of five acres of land on "Old Orchard Shoals, in Raritan Bay, to form a site on which to erect the buildings necessary for a new quarantine station for the port of New York, and to which, when constructed, an *entire* removal of the quarantine establishment should be made." This plan, however, was not carried out, and in 1859 another Commission was appointed, consisting of HORATIO SEYMOUR, JOHN C. GREEN, and ex-Governor PATTERSON, who adopted the floating hospital, and purchased the steam-ship *Falcon* for that purpose. The steamers *Illinois* and *Empire City* were afterward loaned to the Commissioners by the general government. Ship-fever patients were sent to Ward's Island, small-pox patients to Blackwell's, and yellow fever was treated on the floating hospital.

April 23, 1863, what is now known as the General Quarantine Act was passed, defining the quarantine establishment, authorizing its construction, creating the permanent office of Quarantine Commissioner, defining the duties and powers of the Commissioners and Health Officer, and establishing a general system of quarantine for the port. Additional powers were conferred by amendments made to this general act in 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867, under which two small steamers were purchased; the property at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, known as the Marine Hospital Grounds, was sold; and the artificial islands in the lower bay were undertaken and afterward completed—Swinburne Island in 1860, and Hoffman Island in 1873.

A brief description of quarantine as it is now carried on may be interesting to those who have not the opportunity to make a personal inspection. The residences of the Health Officer and his two deputies are located at Clifton, on the south shore of Staten Island, a short distance above the Narrows and Fort Richmond; a short distance below the Narrows is Hoffman Island, with three extensive brick buildings. Three-quarters of a mile further down the bay is Swinburne Island, which encounters "the steady roll of the Atlantic," and the full force of the winds and storms. The row of long white hospital wards unmistakably indicates its character.

Far away to the right, eight miles distant, at Seguine's Point, on the Staten Island shore, is the quarantine burying-ground. Three miles and a half from Swinburne Island, in a nearly direct course toward Sandy Hook, is anchored, during the quarantine season, the hospital or boarding ship *Illinois*. Her great dismantled hulk can be seen for a long distance. The Boarding Officer for the lower bay resides upon this ship. All vessels arriving from the West Indies, South American ports, and from the west coast of Africa are required to come to anchor here while the Boarding Officer inspects them. All other vessels proceed up through the Narrows, and are boarded in the upper bay, opposite the Health Officer's residence, by the deputies, who are provided for this purpose with the steamer *Governor Fenton*.

The object of boarding from two points (viz., upper and lower bay) is to keep all vessels coming from infected ports, or likely to be infected with cholera or yellow fever, as far away from the city as possible. As these vessels come to anchor near the *Illinois*, the Boarding Officer leaves the latter in a small boat and visits them. If there has been any cholera or yellow fever aboard, the vessel is fumigated; after being detained twenty-four hours or more, as may be required, she is permitted to proceed through the Narrows to the upper bay, anchoring not far from New York, between Robbin's Reef Lighthouse and Bedloe's Island. Her cargo is here discharged into lighters. Then the vessel is cleansed, her hold is washed out, pratique is granted, and she is permitted to proceed on up to her wharf. When the Boarding Officer from the *Illinois* finds any yellow fever or cholera patients on the incoming vessels, a signal is set, and one of the steamers belonging to the quarantine service comes and bears away the sufferers to Swinburne Island. Immediately upon reaching there they are stripped of their clothing, which is at once burned in a furnace constructed for that purpose, and they are placed in the sick wards. If recovering, the patients are removed across to the convalescent wards. They are then permitted to take daily exercise on the walk surrounding the wards, or to recline by the hour upon the grass-plots in front of the Superintendent's residence, where they are protected from the sun's rays by a heavy canvas. This change to outdoor life rapidly hastens their recovery, and, in fact, the whole surroundings of the hospital are so conducive to health, that nearly all the patients who are brought here in time are restored, and yellow fever has no terrors whatever for the persons and employés upon the island, of whom but one has ever contracted it. When sufficiently well, the convalescents are taken to Brooklyn or Staten Island to proceed on up to New York and rejoin their vessels. In case of death, the bodies are placed in plain coffins and carried in small boats across the bay to the burying-ground at Seguine's Point.

A complete record is kept of each patient, and of all the facts that can be gleaned from him upon reaching the hospital. When buried, a board slab is placed at the head of the grave, containing a number which corresponds with the hospital record. The Commissioners are frequently called upon by friends for bodies, five, ten, and even twenty years after they have been buried.

Residing upon the *Illinois* with the Boarding Officer from May 1 to October 15 are a ship-keeper, cook, and servants. Every appliance is kept aboard for removing patients, including chairs in which they are strapped during heavy weather and let down from vessels into the quarantine boats, which convey them to the Swinburne Island hospital. Transfer clothing is likewise provided on the *Illinois* for yellow fever patients to take with them to the hospital. There are very commodious apartments upon the *Illinois*, including a cabinet, reception, sitting, and dining rooms, kitchen, dormitories, etc.

Our illustrations on page 704 show all the incidents alluded to in the foregoing description, from the arrival of the foreign vessel at lower quarantine until she is permitted to proceed to her dock.

SUPERSTITIONS AMONG GERMAN SOLDIERS.

THOSE who happened to be in Germany during and immediately after the war of 1870–71 must have been struck by the amount of superstition that, hidden under ordinary circumstances, in the then excited state of the public mind, made its way to the surface, pretty much as the mud of a stagnant pool floats to the top when the water is agitated. Nothing seemed too absurd to be believed; credulity was rampant. Portents and warnings were seen in everything. Shocks of earthquake—not unfrequent along the Rhine—were interpreted as tokens of Satanic anger at the consolidation of the empire. Black crosses, observed for the first time in window-panes of the houses of the peasantry throughout Baden and the South generally, were signs of Divine wrath against the turn things in general were taking in the Father-land, especially in regard to the Church. The excitement grew wild and furious in respect to this phenomenon, and was only allayed by a Baden glass manufacturer coming forward and demonstrating that the warning crosses were nothing more nor less than marks imprinted on the glass in the process of making. The comet of 1872 scared thousands, and was the occasion of not a few being sent to the mad-house or committing suicide. There was a wide-spread belief in the approaching dissolution of all things.

But some of the most curious instances of the survival of old-world superstitions were brought into prominence by the Franco-German war itself. The most striking had reference to the fanciful preventability of death and rendering invulnerable of the human body. The superstition was widely prevalent among both the French and the German soldiery, but seemed to be most common with the latter. Thousands of the doomed sons of the Father-land were found to have carried with them reputed charms against steel and bullet. The most common form of the charm was what they themselves called "Freibriefe," that is "letters of exemption," from death or injury—the remnant of a superstition that may be traced among nearly all peoples, and mention of which may be frequently met with in German records of the sixteenth and later centuries.

In the early days of its use powder was considered the invention of the Evil One, and the hireling soldier who had death constantly before his eyes was only too ready to resort to any charm to protect him against the missiles of the enemy, or to impart to his own weapons a supernatural power. The "magical art of taking aim" was a peculiar branch of education with the soldiers of the Emperor Karl. We read of a certain Punker, celebrated as an enchanter of bullets, who had the reputation of destroying three of the enemy daily, and of being himself invulnerable. He had a special method of casting bullets, and was permitted to furnish charmed balls to the soldiers. This superstition reached perhaps its greatest development among the mercenaries of Maximilian II. Charms for the healing of wounds, and prayers for stanching blood, were regularly resorted to, while the use of amulets and talismans, mostly in unintelligible Latin, was almost universal.

The Thirty Years' War brought to light many such superstitious practices. The peasants of Austria, in 1626, were all believed to be invulnerable, and it is related of Pappenheim that he was once attacked by a peasant while entangled with his fallen horse, and that though he fired his pistols at his assailant, they took no effect. Pappenheim himself was considered invulnerable, and was only killed by four charmed bullets penetrating his body. Tilly had the same reputation, and Wallenstein made no secret of his credulity. Seni, his astrologer, had great influence over him; and his soldiers believed that a familiar spirit came to him at night to aid him in his plans. He carried, concealed in his breast, a horoscope of crystal, highly talismanic, and walked in shoes made of the skins of bats, to which creatures a magical power was attributed. Schiller refers to the common superstition respecting him in his "Wallenstein's Lager":

"In that bloody affair at Lützen
He coolly galloped here and there
Amid the cannon's lightning flash:
With bullets his hat was pierced through,
His boots and collar were rent with balls,
The marks were plainly to be seen;
And yet his body was never touched,
Because protected by a hellish salve."

That such superstitions should exist in the Dark and Middle Ages surprises no one; but that they should have retained their hold on the human mind to the end of the nineteenth century, and in Germany, too, the land of popular education *par excellence*, was a surprise to everybody who gave any thought to the subject. Public attention was first directed thereto by Dr. Karl Russ, the eminent naturalist, and at once a mass of information came to light on the matter. An officer, giving his experience in a magazine called the *Gartenlaube*, asserted that he had noticed this superstition among the soldiers during the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, and related a striking incident which came under his own immediate observation. On the evening before the storming of Königinhof, while his regiment was bivouacking at the edge of a wood, and the men were engaged in preparing their supper, he observed on the horizon a glow like the northern lights. It was caused, however, by burning villages. From time to time a more livid glare shot up into the nocturnal sky, followed by dense volumes of smoke mingled with glowing sparks. For some time he stood watching the sight in the shade of a large tree. Near him, but unaware of his presence, were two grenadiers: they were conversing in a gloomy under-tone. One said to the other: "The villages seem still to be burning." The other answered: "Don't you know that in war-time such signs are always seen in the sky? My grandfather, who took part in the War of Liberation, told me so." They then began to talk in a still lower tone, and the officer could only overhear the words: "Have you not got the letter which makes its bearer invulnerable?" The other replied in the negative, and then both went away.

Dr. Russ tells a story of a Hungarian officer who was severely, though by no means fatally, wounded in the field of Sadowa. He was fast bleeding to death, however, when the surgeon came to him, but might have been saved had he not obstinately refused all aid. The surgeon noticed that he held something very tightly in his hand, which he pressed convulsively to his breast. Presently he began to tremble violently, and crying out, "It has done me no good!" threw away a piece of paper, and the next moment expired. The paper was found to be a talisman, bearing some written characters which were quite unintelligible. The poor fellow trusted in its supernatural power until aid by natural means was out of the question, and then cast it away with a pang of despair.

Many a similar agonizing discovery was made during the war of 1870–71, too late for the learner to profit by the experience. After the battle of Wörth, in particular, a great number of talismans, charms, and the like were picked up close to the corpses of those who had clung to them until, in their last agony, they had lost faith in their healing virtue, and had flung them away. It must not be supposed, however, that the German soldier as a class is given to this kind of superstition. It was found on investigation that there was a close relation between education and the existence of such beliefs. The provinces which were in the lowest state as regards education gave the largest contingent of those who were thus credulous. Talismans, charms, letters of exemption, etc., were found in the largest proportion among recruits from the Polish provinces, and in those provinces education is at the lowest point. Thus, taking the quotas to the army from the various parts of the empire, the percentage of those who could neither read nor write was as follows: Hesse-Darmstadt, 0.5; Hesse-Cassel, 0.9; Würtemberg, 0.12; Frankfort and Schleswig-Holstein, 0.15; Saxony, 0.46; Rhenish provinces, 0.77; Lauenburg, 0.93; Brandenburg, 0.86; Pomerania, 1.18; Westphalia, 1.88; Silesia, 3.4; Polish provinces, 12.58; Posen, 14.73.

In those parts of Prussia which were formerly part of Poland several circumstances have contributed to keep alive some of the rudest forms of superstition. The change of language has had something to do in the matter; the low state of religion, and the little contact the people have had with the world at large, have also contributed. Nowhere does the bear-leader drive so profitable a trade, by way of expelling the devil from cattle stalls, and protecting geese and swine from his influence, as there; and in few parts do witches need closer looking after or more careful circumventing. No wonder, therefore, that recruits from these provinces put faith in amulets and charms, and carry with them "letters" to protect them from hostile sword and ballet!

The commonest form of Freibrief is a simple slip of paper bearing a prayer in Latin, or a petition for the protecting grace of "Mary, the mother of God," or of some local saint. Some, however, are of a much ruder form. One such talismanic piece of paper, found on the person of a dead Posener, contained in German, though written in Latin characters, the scarcely cabalistic words: "Nur immer zu, du Ochse!"—Go it, thou ox! This charm had probably been bought of a wandering peddler, of whom there are so many who drive a good trade in this kind of thing with the poor peasantry. Genuine Freibriefe are rarely made public, their owners preserving them with the greatest secrecy for fear of ridicule, and those who make money out of them for another but equally personal reason.

The letter of exemption most frequently found among the German soldiery was the "Blessing of St. Colomanus." This document, sometimes written and sometimes printed and adorned with rude cuts, relates the story of a criminal who, when led out to be shot, was discovered to have been rendered invulnerable by the blessing of the said saint, so that his executioners could not perform their task. Every soldier is assured that by carrying this letter always about with him he will enjoy the same invulnerability. An anecdote is told of an officer who hung a copy of the "Blessing of St. Colomanus" about the neck of his dog, and then tried in vain to shoot it. It is considered highly improper, however, either to trifle or in any way to make free with these charms. One can well imagine the venders of such things encouraging a sober dread of anything like levity in regard to them.

Another common form of charm found during the Franco-German war was the "Letter from Holstein," the most potent and orthodox form of which is in manuscript. One such letter was communicated to the *Gartenlaube* by an officer who took part in that war. It begins by inculcating the necessity of belief. Then a history of the letter itself is given. It was, we are told, "sent down from heaven, and was found in Holstein anno 1579." We are then informed that "it was written in golden letters, and was suspended in the air above the baptismal font at Rudnau. Whenever any person tried to lay hold of it it receded, until, in 1591, some one hit upon the happy idea of copying it, and making the message known to the world. The letter remained still while the person was engaged in the task." The document then goes on in a long-winded manner to indicate the things it is good for. It will stanch blood; it will protect from witchcraft and from harm by enemies; it will guard from evil effects by fire, water, thunder or lightning, and from injury by weapons of any kind. Those who carry it, too, can not be taken prisoner or spoken falsely against. The soldier of little faith is counselled to write the monogram H. K. J. I. F. on his sword, or the side of his gun, as an additional protection. Any one who is of so reprobate a mind as to be thoroughly incredulous in regard to the letter is told to make a copy of it, "and hang it about the neck of a dog, and shoot at the animal, and he will see that it is true." Nothing, of course, could be more conclusive.

The printed versions of the Holstein letter are still more interesting on account of their pictorial embellishments. On one such letter we have a rude picture of an angel riding on a cloud, and clad in fiery red garments, holding in one hand a bandage, and in the other a palm branch, while round about are cannon, cannon-balls, burning linstocks, stacked arms, pistols, and swords. Underneath we read the formula: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. L. J. F. H. B. K. N. K., the letters of Grace." A peculiar Freibrief was also found among the Wendish recruits. It began with the same pious formula as above, but soon became a perfect jumble of bad German and nonsense, exceeding any of the foregoing specimens in its talismanic pretensions.

Pieces of paper inscribed with nonsensical sentences were commonly found among the effects of both French and German soldiers. Dr. Russ obtained possession of four, one from an Alsacian. The latter erudite piece of folly ran as follows: "Seven times seven, and seven and sevety; nine times nine, and nine and ninety: one of these makes the cabal, and whoever gets the right one can not be killed by the sword of a heretical foe." Eye-witnesses have asserted that hundreds of such talismans, amulets, and letters were found on the various battle-fields of France, thrown away by wounded soldiers who had lost faith in the efficacy of their charms.

The place marking the last rendezvous before a battle, also, very often showed abundant signs of the poor soldier's superstitious fears. It was considered highly unlucky or prejudicial to go into battle with a pack of cards about the person,

and many accordingly would throw them away on the eve of an engagement with the enemy. It was believed that as "works of the devil" they would attract the bullets. A similar notion prevailed among the soldiery of the Emperor Karl V., in whose time, cards not being in common use, dice were flung away before a fight. A Prussian officer noticed that soldiers would throw away several other things besides playing-cards. They would, for instance, leave behind them pocket-mirrors, forks, brushes, buttons, and the like. Can it possibly be because they considered them "vanities"? The same observer noted a disposition to throw away three things, possibly from some supposed magic or cabalistic virtue in that number.

There was observed, too, among both German and French soldiers, a belief that gold coins, or other articles of that precious metal, carried about the person, would ward off bullets; and there was manifested a great weakness for such charms, notwithstanding the advice of surgeons that it was safer for the soldier to have his body and clothes free from all hard substances, such as coins, pocket-knives, rings, lockets, etc., a wound from a bullet not being nearly so dangerous as one caused by the driving into the body of such articles as the above. Less dangerous physically is the charm which some Bavarian recruits have been known to have recourse to, namely, the swallowing of a "pill of invulnerability." A modern recipe for one of these has not come to the writer's knowledge; but for any one wishing to try the extent of his own credulity, perhaps the following will do as well: "Exactly at midnight of Christmas write the letters J. N. R. J.—Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum—on a piece of virgin parchment; knead this in dough of corn meal, place it secretly upon the altar, and let it remain there until four masses have been said over it. Swallow the pill before the battle, and for that day the soldier will be invulnerable." This preparation, which was reputed to make a "proof-positive pill of invulnerability," was much in vogue during the Thirty Years' War.

These superstitions are very ridiculous and contemptible; but we ought to judge the subjects of them with some leniency, considering that gross credulity is not a rare thing in England and America, even among those who are far from being illiterate, like so many of the poor recruits from Prussia, Poland, Silesia, and Bavaria. A year or two ago—to cite one instance—a stupid fellow was doing a great trade in an English town by making and selling charms for procuring love, for preventing bewitchment, etc. On his being taken before the magistrates, charged with obtaining money by false pretenses, hundreds of letters were produced, showing the majority of his clients to have been literate, well-to-do people. Yet in the course of two or three years he had netted from six to seven hundred pounds simply by the sale of bits of parchment bearing a few rude and meaningless marks and figures.

ASLEEP.

SWEETHEART, wife, 'tis "ayont the twal:"
Where didst thou go as my pen wrote on?
I was list'ning here to the Muses' call;
I looked behind me, and thou wert gone—
Gone from the world, and gone from me,
Leaving me here a watch to keep
Over a something that is not thee:
Plainly, sweetheart, thou'rt fast asleep.

Faithless sweetheart, I sit alone:
What can I do, with you away?
You have taken my wits to the great unknown,
And I only can let my fancies play
Over a something soft and warm,
Over a gently breathing thing,
Over a wonderful woman form,
A dainty dress, and a wedding ring.

Other women I've seen more fair;
Bright as thine may their smiles have been;
In youth and beauty and graceful air,
Have more than rivalled my heart's own queen;
Yet sad is the pain a kiss may leave,
And oft 'tis a sword that Passion sends,
And bitter the web that Love may weave—
The Love that wins and the Love that ends.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, the love that binds
Thy heart to mine and my soul to thee
Is wide as the reach of kindred minds,
As broad as the stretch of eternity.
Nothing is mine that is not ours,
Nothing is thine but turns to me;
We have sought to fathom the soul's best powers,
And learn in loving what Love may be.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, the love that lives
Claims never an aid from beauty's charms;
'Tis the sweet demand of the heart that gives,
And the fond support of helpless arms;
'Tis the love I drink from those sweet dark eyes
And thy clinging touch that makes me stand;
Thy weight, O sweetheart, that helps me rise;
Thou bear'st my soul in thy gentle hand.

Only myself in thee complete
Can struggle the mists of earth above;
Only thus can the puzzle meet
A world of woe and a God of Love.
Read by the light of trustful eyes,
A meaning grows in the pain and strife:
From Home to Heaven can the weak heart rise,
And God grow near in a loving life.

But where is the work that ought to lie
Here on my desk in proud array?
Why was I lazy, sweetheart, why?
What should some wise old bookworm say,
Some day hence, when my days are gone,
And he sits him down to write my life?
"Oh! wonderful things the man had done,
If it had not been for a—sleepy wife!"

THE OHIO CANDIDATES.

ON page 705 our readers will find the portraits of the rival candidates for the Governorship of Ohio. The Hon. CHARLES FOSTER, the Republican candidate, was born April 12, 1828, in Seneca County, Ohio, and after attaining the education afforded by the common schools and the academy at Norwalk, in that State, he entered the mercantile and banking business, in which his father was engaged. Mr. FOSTER's first appearance in politics was as an unsuccessful candidate for the Ohio Legislature. Later he was elected to the Forty-second Congress, and served four terms with great ability. In 1878 he was defeated for re-election, through the redistricting of the State by the Democrats.

General EWING, the Democratic candidate, was born in Lancaster, Ohio, August 7, 1829. He was educated at Brown University and at the Cincinnati Law School. In 1849 he was appointed Private Secretary to President TAYLOR. He removed to Kansas in 1856, and was appointed Chief Justice of the United States Court for that Territory. In 1862 he entered the Union army as a Colonel, and in 1864 was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

NATURAL SLEEP.

THE most perfect and refreshing—in a word, natural—sleep is that which combines the whole series in such healthy proportions as an orderly and active life will establish, by a constitutionally equal distribution of work, looking to the comparative powers of the several parts of the system, the opportunities for rest, the food supply, and the measure of strength each department of the mental and physical organism of the individual enjoys. This wise adaptation of work to the different energies, so that each shall lighten the task and contribute to the efficiency of the others, is a duty to self which every step forward in the march of intellect and the progress of civilization seems to make it increasingly difficult to discharge.

To sum up, sleep is a rhythmical function of life. It is performed by the nervous system either through a single centre or by the several centres connected with various parts or organs of the body, from the supreme cerebral centres which control the immediate apparatus of intentional thought to the ganglia that regulate the work of the viscera. I believe the sympathetic system plays a conspicuous part in the production of the phenomenon, and this is why the due performance of the functions is so readily prevented as it is, by disorderly action in almost any part of the body, even when there is no sensation of pain or of uneasiness at the seat of the disturbance. Persons who do not sleep well and regularly are peculiarly liable to functional disorders; and, conversely, those who are subject to the anomalous maladies and symptoms too often set down to fancy, but actually existing and traceable with care to some special ganglion of the sympathetic system (for example, uneasiness in the "pit of the stomach," or aching pain in the lower lumbar region of the spine), are disturbed or disorderly sleepers. Sleep is a nerve state, whether the part sleeping be the brain, or certain parts of that organ, the muscular system, or the viscera. The modifications which take place in the vessels supplying the organ or system that sleeps are the effects or consequences, instead of the causes, of its condition.

Habit greatly helps the performance of the initial act; and the cultivation of a habit of going to sleep in a particular way, at a particular time, will do more to procure regular and healthy sleep than any other artifice. The formation of the habit is, in fact, the creation or development of a special centre or combination in the nervous system, which will henceforward produce sleep as a natural rhythmical process. If this were more generally recognized, persons who suffer from sleeplessness of the sort which consists in being simply "unable to go to sleep" would set themselves resolutely to form such a habit. It is necessary that the training should be specific, and include attention to details. It is not very important *what* a person does with the intention of going to sleep; but he should do precisely the same thing, in the same way, at the same time, and under as nearly as possible the same conditions, night after night for a considerable period—say, three or four weeks at least. The result will amply reward the effort.

Position affects sleep. A constrained or uncomfortable posture will often prevent repose. Lying flat on the back with the limbs relaxed would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side; but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep. Thus, in weakly states of the heart and blood-vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head, and to produce troublesome dreams. In persons who habitually, in their gait or work, stoop, there is probably some distress consequent on straightening the spine. Those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so when in that position, because the soft palate and uvula hang on the tongue, and that organ falls back so as to partially close the top of the windpipe. It is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in the absence of special chest-disease, rendering it desirable to lie on the weak side so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand, it is well to choose the right side, because when the body is thus placed the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines, and the weight of the liver does not compress the upper portion of the intestines. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show how this must be. Many persons are deaf in one ear, and prefer to lie on a particular side; but, if possible, the right side should be chosen, and the body rolled a little forward, so that any saliva which may be secreted shall run easily out of the mouth, if not unconsciously swallowed. Again, sleeping with the arms thrown over the head is to be deprecated; but this position is often assumed during sleep, because the circulation is then free in the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headache during sleep, and dreams. These small matters often make or mar comfort in sleeping.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Eddystone Light-house took place on August 19, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh being the personage to whom was committed the duty of declaring the stone "well and truly laid." It was originally intended that this structure should be commenced on June 21, but the roughness of the sea on that day compelled its postponement. Even on this later day a continuous rain poured during all the ceremonies. This, however, did not prevent the royal party, which included the Prince of Wales, from arriving promptly at the reef. About twenty steamers were present, and a large fleet of yachts. The architect of the new tower and several distinguished engineers were conveyed in the *Hercules*, which is described as "a veritable workshop." A clergyman from Plymouth performed the simple religious ceremonies, and then the Duke of Edinburgh struck the blocks which had been fixed in the solid rocks with a silver trowel, and pronounced them firmly laid.

It will be remembered by our readers that famous Smeaton's Tower, which was finished in 1759, still remains unshaken by the storms, but the House Rock upon which it stands shows signs of weakness, in consequence of the incessant wear caused by the ocean waves; consequently it was determined to erect a more commodious structure upon South Rock, the largest of the reef, lying about one hundred and twenty feet from the old tower. This new tower will be the fourth which has been built upon the reefs in Plymouth Sound. The first was destroyed in a terrible storm in 1703, and the second, which was of wood, was burned in 1755.

A warning has been given to the great hotels on Coney Island and at other summer resorts in the destruction of Locust Grove Hotel by fire. The careless act of carrying a lighted lamp into the oil-room caused the ignition of a barrel of gasoline, or kerosene, and in an incredibly short time the hotel and adjacent pavilion were in ruins. The guests—about one hundred in number—were thankful to escape with their lives, and lost almost everything belonging to them. The most serious part of this disaster was that four human lives were sacrificed; and indeed so rapidly did the flames spread through the inflammable house that it was difficult for either guests or employés to escape. The danger of fire at such a resort as Coney Island, where there are clusters of wooden buildings, is evident, and the urgent necessity of watchfulness to guard against it, as well as an organized fire department, requires no proof.

The sultriness of August was washed away by two rain-storms, one of which followed the other in such haste that the two were regarded as the same storm. But the first, commencing on August 16, originated in the Northwest, and the second arose in the South.

No less than 85,000 barrels of oil have been burned in the great petroleum fire which occurred at Parker's Landing, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

It is announced that M. De Lesseps has sent to Central America several expert engineers, including M. Donoreaux, whose works on the Danube and at Antwerp are well known, to examine the plans of the Panama Canal, and to ascertain the probable expense of building it.

Again the public mind is excited by reports of negotiations for the recovery of the body of Mr. A. T. Stewart. Numerous stories are circulated, but as yet no definite results are known to have been accomplished. It is said that the robbers assert that the body is buried somewhere in Canada, and that it will never be returned unless the demanded reward of $250,000 be given. Proofs have been sent so as to leave no doubt that the body is, or has been, in possession of the sender. It is believed that no negotiations will be made by the friends of Mr. Stewart for the return of the body without the arrest of the criminals.

"The People's Church," which is being erected in Boston, is a rather novel enterprise. The pastor has secured ten-cent contributions from over 100,000 persons by selling to each of them an undivided interest in the concern to the extent of one brick. Having filled the brick market, he opened a gigantic photograph album. Persons contributing a dollar or more may send their portraits, or the picture of store, or office, or factory, with any personal statement or business card. The Sunday-school children are taking a lively interest in this remarkable album, with prospects of speedily filling it up. Curious as is this method, it is certainly preferable to incurring a mortgaged debt.

A builder recently appeared before the Board of Health in this city with a plan for a tenement-house in which there was no provision for an air shaft. He insisted that there was no room for one. Yet the house was to be built in One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street! If there is not room for ventilation in that region, there surely must be a lack everywhere on Manhattan Island. The plan was promptly rejected by the Board of Health.

An exciting debate was held in the British House of Commons not long ago on the subject of flogging soldiers. This punishment has not been practiced in the American army for years, and many persons supposed it had been abandoned in the English army. But it appears that the fearful cat-o'-nine-tails is still applied to refractory soldiers and sailors in certain circumstances. This instrument of torture consists of a thick wooden handle about a foot and a half long, to which are attached nine stout whip-cords, these cords giving the weapon its name. Each of these nine cords has nine knots, to which smaller cords are attached, which are also knotted. So there are at least eighty-one knots in the cat-o'-nine-tails, each one of which is hard, and inflicts a severe wound. The British "navy cat" is even a more terrible weapon than that of the army. The cat-o'-nine-tails is used much less frequently in England now than formerly, when it was the punishment inflicted for many offenses; and doubtless in a few years this barbarous instrument will become obsolete.

In 1820 there were only about one hundred dentists in the United States; in 1872 there were five thousand, and doubtless the number has greatly increased since that time. The art of dentistry is making daily progress, which, indeed, is a good thing for this generation, for we certainly do not seem to have bestowed upon us so good natural teeth as were given to our ancestors.

It is stated that Sir Moses Montefiore is beginning his plans for the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. The land in front of the "Judah Torah houses" is to be prepared for cultivation. The rocks will be removed, terraces built, as in Solomon's time, a large cistern constructed for supplying water, and a beautiful veranda placed in front of all the houses. Various other arrangements will be made to promote the comfort of inmates of the dwellings.

Charles Dickens's residence at Gadshill has been purchased by a Captain Budden, of the Twelfth Kent Artillery—so the English journals state.

A grandson of Burns lately died in Moorhead's Hospital, at Dumfries, Scotland. He had been a teacher in earlier life, assisted by his wife; but after her death he attempted to gain a livelihood by book-keeping. Finally he was so reduced that he was compelled to seek refuge in the poor-house, whence, through the efforts of friends, he was removed to the hospital where he died.

It is expected that the Cathedral of Cologne will be completed in 1880.

"Young gentlemen," said the Rev. Dr. John Brown to his class of theological students, "ye need three things to make you good ministers—learning, grace, and common-sense. As for the learning, I will try to set you in the way of it; as for grace, ye must always pray for it; but if ye have na brought the common-sense with ye, ye may go about your business."

Three hundred Russian farmers recently arrived in this city, bringing with them not far from $100,000 as their combined capital.

The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* gives an account of a singular death caused by the stings of hornets. A young lad at Hyde Park climbed into an apple-tree to get some apples. He had scarcely been there an instant when he screamed, and came down, saying he was stung by bees. Remedies were instantly applied to the spots on his face, which began to swell. But all was in vain; he scarcely spoke, and died in about half an hour. Investigation resulted in finding a hornets' nest in the apple-tree. The lad was about ten years old, and lived in New York city, but was spending his vacation at Hyde Park.

It is now stated that 1476 houses were destroyed in the Serajevo fire, and that the loss of property will amount to 50,000,000 florins.

Two editions of the revised New Testament will be published early next year—a large and handsome octavo, and a small inexpensive volume for more general use.

The new Khedive of Egypt has excellent views. He writes to his Prime Minister as follows: "Practical economy in state expenditure, honesty and probity in the public services, intelligent introduction of opportune judicial and administrative reforms—such are the first remedies on which I depend with a view of enabling the country to recover itself, to develop its resources, which are so fertile, and to honor its engagements."

Much sympathy has been shown toward the Rev. David Macrae, of Scotland, who was recently expelled from the United Presbyterian Church. His fault seems to be that he holds to the doctrine of conditional immortality. His congregation have decided to follow him, and retain him as their pastor; moreover, as the trustees hold the title-deeds of the ecclesiastical buildings, church, and manse, they have resolved to retain these, for their own use and Mr. Macrae's, as an independent body.

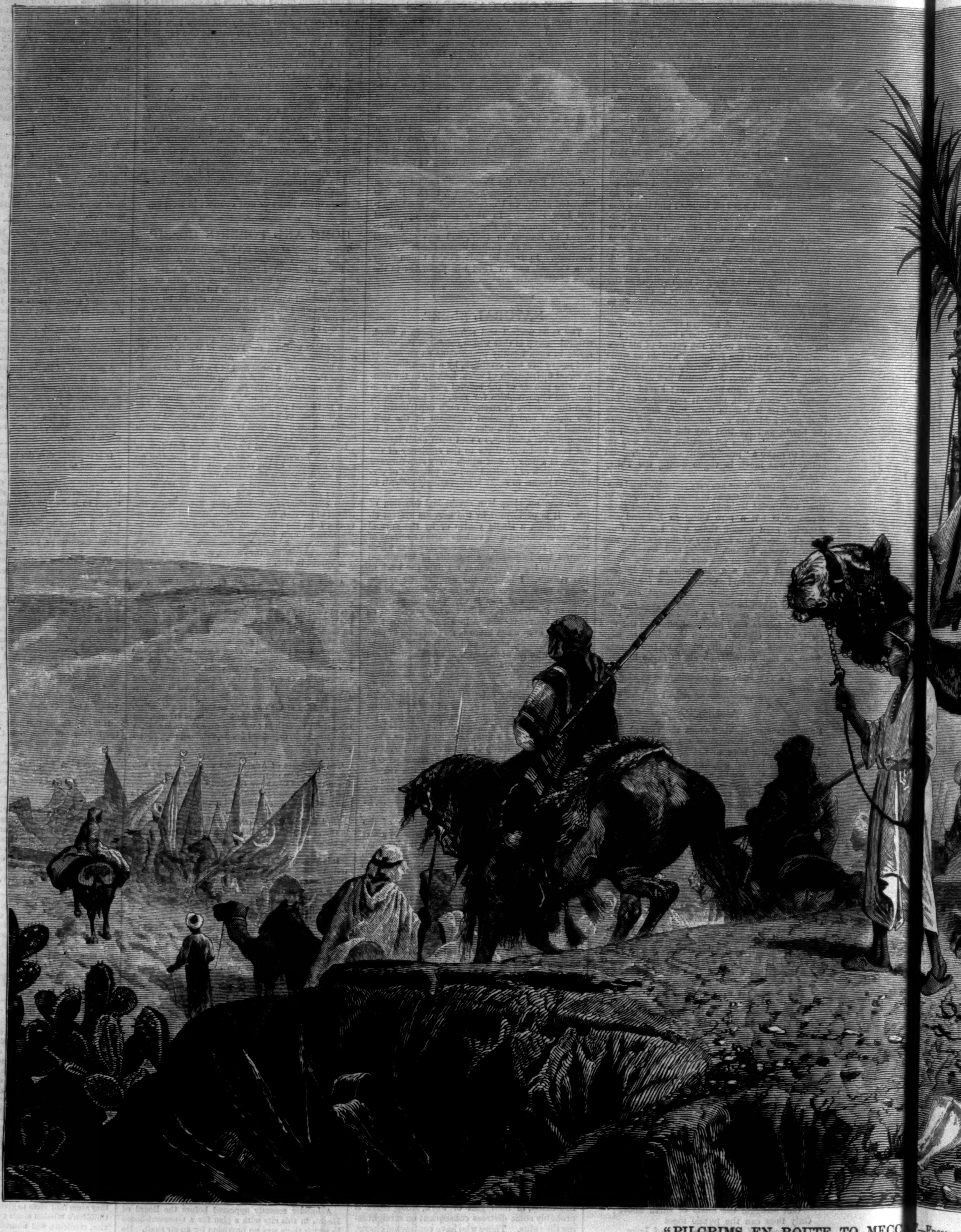
An officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children recently found in a tenement in this city a woman lying nearly at the point of death from a painful disease. Her husband had been sent to the insane asylum, and her five children, whose ages range from four to eleven years, were in a half-starved condition. The room in which they lived was almost devoid of furniture, and the children were only clothed in scanty rags. The mother was sent to a hospital, and the children were provided with food, clothing, and shelter at the Police Head-quarters.

Nine-tenths of the sickness among city children under five years of age, during the summer, is found to be among that unfortunate class who dwell in wretched tenement-houses. The visitors acting under the direction of the "Sick Children's Mission" find that a large proportion of persons who are living in such unfavorable conditions are ignorant of the simplest sanitary requirements, and when their children are sick they seem powerless to give them any relief. The Sick Children's Mission sends out physicians, who give advice, medicine, and nourishing food, free of expense, and thus many little lives are saved. These Good Samaritans thread their way through dismal lanes and unwholesome streets, and their presence and counsel dispel something of gloom and sorrow, and bring a ray of hope and gladness into homes whose normal condition seems to be that of poverty and suffering. This mission is a prominent feature of the summer work of the Children's Aid Society, and such a needed charity appeals to the sympathy and support of all who care for little children. The head-quarters of the Sick Children's Mission are at No. 709 East Eleventh Street, near Avenue C. Donations marked "Sick Children's Mission" may be sent to the office of the Children's Aid Society, No. 19 East Fourth Street.

PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

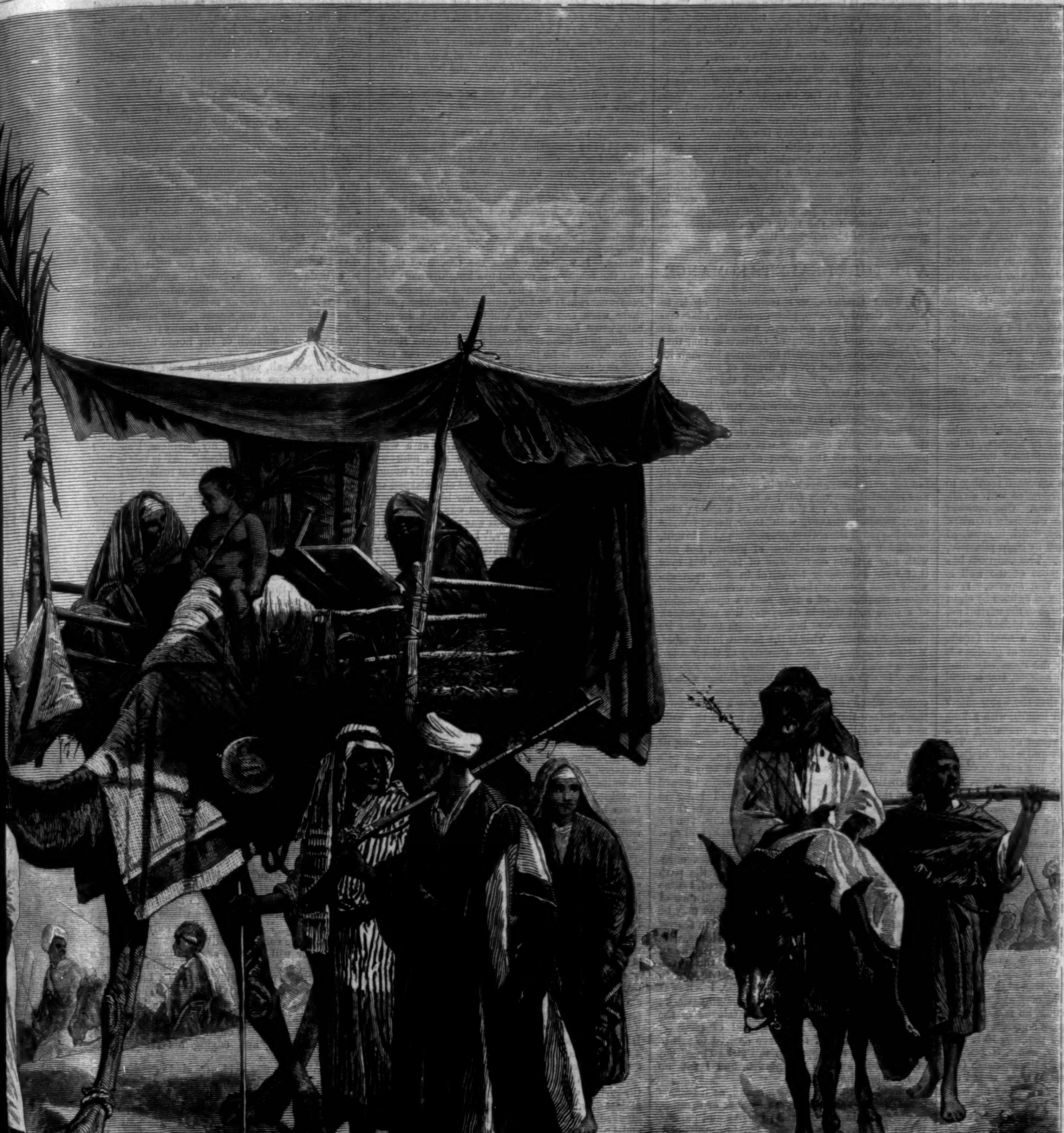
EVERY Moslem is bound, under certain conditions, to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. These conditions differ according to different authorities, but BURTON tells us that the two extremes, between which lie many gradations, are as follows: "ABU HANIFAH directs every Moslem and Moslemah to perform the pilgrimage if they have health, and money for the road and to support their families; moreover, he allows a deputy pilgrim, whose expenses must be paid by the principal. IBU MALIK, on the contrary, enjoins every follower to visit Mecca if able to walk and to earn his bread by the way."

The observances the faithful pilgrim must not neglect before setting out are almost as various as the conditions under which he must make the pilgrimage. Before leaving home he must pray two prostrations, concluding the orisons with a long supplication, and a blessing upon relatives, friends, and neighbors, and he must distribute not less than seven silver pieces to the poor. The day should be either a Thursday or a Saturday; but some writers say, "Allah hath honored the Monday and the Thursday." If possible, the first of the month should be chosen, and the hour early dawn. Moreover, the pilgrim should not start without a rafik, or companion, who should be a pious as well as a travelled man. The other preambles to journeying are the following: Istikharah, consulting the rosary and friends; Khulus el Niyat, vowing pilgrimage to the Lord (not for lucre or revenge); settling worldly affairs, paying debts, drawing up a will, and making arrangements for the support of that portion of the family which is to be left behind. The animals used for a pilgrimage should be hired from a pious person, the camel being the most desirable beast, because preferred by the Prophet. An ass is not commendable; a man should not walk if he can afford to ride; and the palanquin, or litter, must, according to some authorities, be limited to invalids. Long prayers must be recited when halting, mounting, and at night-fall. On hills the Takbir should be used; the Tasbih is most suitable for vales and plains; and Mecca should be blessed when first sighted. Quarrelling, curses, and abuse must be avoided. Pilgrims should sleep like the Prophet, namely, in the early night (when prayer hour is distant), with Iftirash, that is, lying at length with the right cheek on the palm of the right hand, and at dawn with Ittaka, that is, propping the head upon the hand, with the arm resting upon the elbow. And lastly, they must carry with them collyrium pot, looking-glass and comb, needle and thread for sewing, scissors and tooth-stick, staff and razor.



"PILGRIMS EN ROUTE TO MECC[A]"—FROM T[HE]

Mecca contains the three things especially holy to those who profess the Mohammedan faith—the Kaaba, the Zemzem, and the Black Stone. The temple of Mecca which contains them all is known by the name of el Haram (the Holy Place), and is situated nearly in the middle of the city, which is built in a narrow valley having a considerable slope from north to south. In order to form a level area for the great court of the temple, the ground has evidently been hollowed out subsequently to the erection of the Kaaba, which is the most ancient portion of the edifice. On entering it from any direction it is necessary to descend several steps, and the oval surface paved with marble that immediately surrounds the Kaaba, upon which the pilgrims perform their rounds, is the lowest part. The door of the Kaaba and the floor of the interior are considerably above the pavement of the court; but they are said to have been originally on a level with the streets which surround the temple, so that there was no occasion for a staircase to enter it. The great court forms a parallelogram of about 536 feet by 356 feet, surrounded with a double piazza, the fronts of the two longer sides presenting thirty-six and the shorter sides twenty-four arches. These are slightly pointed, and supported by columns of grayish marble of different proportions. Each side is composed of two naves formed by a triple row of arches, so that there may be counted more than five hundred columns and pilasters. Instead of a column, between every fourth arch there is an octangular pilaster of hewn stone about three feet in diameter. The capitals of the columns which front the court are very fine, although it is said of them that "they do not belong to either of the five orders of architecture;" but the capitals of the interior columns are stated to be all of the Corinthian or Composite, and some are exquisitely carved. The pedestals are of various forms and proportions. The arches that front the court are all cr[…]d with little c[…] cupolas, while the interior[…]s have all low s[…] ical vaults. The four fr[…]are also surmo[…] with stone ornaments ve[…]uch resemblin[…] fleur-de-lis. All the galle[…], as well as the […] crossing the area to the[…]ba, are paved […] hewn stones of quartz […], of which als[…] walls of the temple are […]. Like the M[…] of Omar at Jerusalem, el […]am is partiall[…] rounded by houses whic[…]n the walls, s[…] it presents no external […], and some o[…]



—FROM THE PICTURE BY R. BEAVIS.

quartz, schorl, and mica, brought from the neighboring mountains. Its height is thirty-four feet four inches, and the sides vary from twenty-nine to thirty-eight feet in length. The cloth, which is called Tob el Kaaba (the Skirt of the Kaaba), is brought every year from Cairo, and is put up on Easter-day; but instead of being spread out at first like the old one, it is fastened up like a drapery, to keep it from the hands of the pilgrims. A new curtain is also annually sent to cover the door. This is very magnificent, being entirely covered with embroidery of gold and silver. At about two-thirds of its height the Tob is embroidered with a band of gold two feet broad, with inscriptions from the Koran, which are repeated on all four sides; it is called el Pazem (the Belt.) The belt and the curtain are the perquisite of the sultan-shereef, except when the first day of Easter falls on a Friday. They are then sent to the Grand Seignior, to whom, also, the water of Zemzem is sent every year. The old Tob is cut up, and sold at five francs a cubit, but being covered with inscriptions, it is not a very marketable article. On the northwest side of the Kaaba there is a sort of parapet about five feet high and three wide, inclosing a semicircular place paved with fine marbles, some of them a beautiful green, called el Hajar Ismael (the Stones of Ishmael). Between this parapet and the body of the Kaaba is a space of about six feet, leaving a passage on either side. It is said that ISHMAEL was buried in this place. The base of the building is of marble, twenty inches high, and projecting ten inches. There are large bronze rings fixed in it at regular intervals all round, to which is fastened by strings the lower border of the black cloth which covers the walls. The threshold of the entrance is about six feet above the pavement. There are folding-doors of wood plated over with silver, and fastened with an enormous silver padlock. Except in extraordinary cases, this entrance is opened only twice a year. It is then approached by a sort of ladder staircase about eight feet wide, and consisting of ten steps, with rails on each side, mounted on six large rollers.

The interior of the Kaaba consists simply of a room, or hall, with two wooden pillars of less than two feet in diameter in the middle to support the roof. Both the columns and the walls, to within five feet of the floor, as well as the roof, are covered with a magnificent cloth of rose-colored silk, lined with white silk and sprinkled with roses embroidered in silver. Every Sultan of Constantinople sends a new one when he mounts the throne, and this is the only occasion upon which they are

...d with little conical ...s have all low spher... ...re also surmounted ...uch resembling the ... as well as the paths ...aba, are paved with ... of which also the ... Like the Mosque ...am is partially sur... ...n the walls, so that ..., and some of the houses have windows which overlook the interior. The eastern angle of the temple is rounded off to conform to the line of the principal street, so that the gallery is narrowed here, and scarcely allows space enough to pass between the wall and the column. In the southeastern gallery there is for a short distance a fourth row of arches. The temple has nineteen gates with twenty-eight arches. The Bab Saffa is the only one that has an ornamented front, all the rest being very plain. There are seven minarets: one at each angle of the temple, one between the Bab Ziada and the Bab Douriba, one on the northwestern side, and two which are detached from the body of the building, and stand among the houses joining the northeastern wing. They are all octangular, and of three stages, but vary in size. The other parts of the temple consist of the Kaaba, the well of Zemzem, the Makam Ibrahim (Place of Abraham), the places of the four orthodox sects, two kobbas, or chapels, the arch called Bab-es-Salem, el Moubar (the Tribune), and el Daurah, the wooden staircase by which access is obtained to the Kaaba. This last is the greatest curiosity connected with the structure, and the only part which lays claim to great antiquity. The Kaaba, otherwise called Beit Allah (the House of God), is described as a quadrilateral tower, the sides and angles of which are unequal, so that the plan forms a true trapezium. The size of the edifice and the black cloth which covers it hide this irregularity, and give it the figure of a perfect square. It is built of square hewn but unpolished stones of

ever changed. As the columns were beginning to decay at the bottom where they were not covered with the rich cloth, they have been protected with bands of wood one or two inches in breadth placed perpendicularly, and fastened together by bronze nails gilded. The lower part of the walls, which is also left uncovered, is inlaid with fine marbles, some plain, others with flowers in arabesque or relief, or with inscriptions. The floor is paved, also, with the finest marbles. There are bars which go from one column to the other, and

from both columns to the wall, which are said to be of silver, and an infinite number of gold lamps are suspended one above another. At the northern angle of the hall is a staircase by which persons ascend to the roof. This is flat above, and has only one very large gutter, upon the northwest side, by which the rain runs off into the Stone of Ishmael. It is said to be of gold, though European travellers frequently assert that it is only of bronze gilded.

The Black Stone forms part of the structure of the Kaaba, and is the most sacred object in the tower. It is built or "incrusted" in the angle formed by the northeast and southeast sides, and is believed to exactly face the east. It is raised forty-two inches above the pavement, and is bordered all round with a large plate of silver about a foot broad. This miraculous block, which they call Hhjera el Assouad (the Heavenly Stone), is believed by all true Moslems to have been originally a transparent hyacinth presented to ABRAHAM by the angel Gabriel, who brought it from heaven, but being touched by an impure woman, it became black and opaque. It is, in fact, according to ALI BEY, "a fragment of volcanic basalt, sprinkled throughout its circumference with small, pointed, colored crystals, and varied with red feldspath upon a dark blue ground like coal, except one of its protuberances, which is a little reddish. The continued kisses and touchings of the faithful have worn the surface uneven, so that now it has a muscular appearance with one deep hollow."

El Bir Zemzem (the well Zemzem), which ranks only next to the Black Stone in holiness, is inclosed in a small building, comprising the room of the well, another smaller apartment in which the pitchers are kept, and a staircase leading to the terrace roof, which is surrounded with a railing, and divided into two parts. One incloses two large horizontal marble sun-dials to mark the hours of prayer; the other, which is crowned with a pretty cupola, supported by eight pilasters, is a makam of the Shafeites. The staircase has a separate entrance. The room of the well is rather more than seventeen feet square. It is lined and paved with marble, and lighted by eight windows—three to the west, three to the north, two, with a door, to the east, and three niches toward the store-room. The outside has a small façade of fine white marble. The number of pitchers is immense, occupying not only the room adjoining that of the well, but the two kabbas, and several other rooms ranged round the court. They are of unglazed earth, so porous that the water filters through, are fifteen inches in length, with a long cylindrical throat, and a body terminating in a point, so that they can not stand upright. The well itself is about seven feet and a half in diameter, and fifty-six feet deep to the surface of the water. The brim is of fine white marble, five feet high, and is intended to prevent the pilgrims from helping themselves to the water. Three leathern buckets attached to pulleys serve to draw up the water, which is very limpid, but brackish and heavy. Notwithstanding the depth of the well, the water, when first drawn up, is hotter than the air. Indeed, the temperature proves that there is at the bottom a cause of vehement heat. The water is wholesome, nevertheless, and so abundant that several thousand pitcherfuls may be drawn without sensibly diminishing the level.

The first duty of a pilgrim on arriving at Mecca is to perform a general ablution, after which he makes his way toward the temple, reciting prayers at every step. On arriving at the Bab-es-Salem (Gate of Peace or Welcome), at the northern angle of the great building, he takes off his sandals. On entering the great square where the Kaaba stands, he pauses, and pointing to it with his finger, exclaims: "*Shouf, shouf, el Beit-Allah el Haram!*" ("Look! look! the House of God the Holy!"). Pilgrims go seven times round the Kaaba, beginning at the Black Stone, or the eastern angle, and passing the principal front, in which is the door, thence turning to the west and south outside the Stones of Ishmael. Having arrived at the southern angle, they stretch out the right arm; then having touched the angular marble with the hand, taking great care meanwhile that the lower part of their garment does not touch the uncovered base, they pass it over the face and beard, saying, "In the name of God, the greatest God, praises be to God!" and they continue to walk toward the northeast, saying, "O great God! be with me. Give me the good things of this world, and those of the next." Having returned to the eastern angle, they raise their hands as at the beginning of the canonical prayer, and cry: "In the name of God, the greatest God!" They afterward say, with their hands down, "Praises be to God!" and kiss the Black Stone. This terminates the first tour.

The second tour is like the first, except that the prayers are different from the angle of the Black Stone to that of the south; but they are the same from the latter to the former, and are repeated with the same forms during the seven rounds. At the end of the seventh, and after having kissed the Black Stone, they recite a short prayer standing near the door of the Kaaba, from whence they go to the Makam Ibrahim, where they also recite another prayer. The next move is to go to the well of Zemzem, and draw water, of which they drink as much as they can swallow. After this they leave the temple by the gate of Saffa, from which they go up a small street facing opposite, which forms what is called Djebel Saffa (the hill of Saffa). At the end of this street, which is terminated by a portico, composed of three arches upon columns, ascended by steps, is the sacred place called Saffa. When the pilgrims have arrived there, they turn their faces toward the gate of the temple, and recite a short prayer, standing. The procession then directs its course through the principal streets, and passes a part of Djebel Merona, the pilgrims reciting some prayers at the end of the street, which is terminated by a great wall. They then ascend some steps, and turning their faces toward the temple, the view of which is interrupted by the intervening houses, recite a short prayer, standing. After this they continue to go from the one hill to the other seven times, repeating prayers in a loud voice as they proceed, and short ones at the two sacred places which mark the seven journeys between the two hills. This being completed, there are a number of barbers in waiting to shave the pilgrims' heads, which they do very quickly, prayers being said during the whole operation. Thus terminate the first ceremonies of a pilgrimage to Mecca. There are other sacred places to be visited, but the temple with its heavenly stone and well is the great objective point of the pious Moslem, whose journey to the Holy City constitutes the great event of his religious life.

A PICTURE-DEALER'S ROMANCE.

I.

I, JOHN GILDERN, was confidential clerk to Messrs. Copal & Sons, picture-dealers, near Oxford Street, London, long ago, when these events happened; and the firm of Gildern & Co., that now passes pictures worth thousands through its hands, was not then even a dream of mine.

I thread my way back through the maze and confusion of a busy life to those unforgotten days, and one picture rises before me, real, living, all but substantial in my memory—the one picture that has haunted me through all these years, and that all the gold that ever was coined could not purchase, nor all the power of man give back again to my bodily sight. A young English girl, not tall or queenly, not lofty in looks, but straight and graceful and very fair; a face with clear-cut features, wearing yet the looks of a child; blue eyes, looking upward, with their dark fringes raised—eyes of the softest grayish-blue, not bright, unskilled in any artfulness of glance, not fine with any artistic correctness of form, but eyes that were supremely beautiful in that rapt upward look, because they told of a child's unconscious simplicity, of a true heart's open candor, of a pure soul that in every-day life and among every-day things was bright enough to make its presence known. This is the picture in my mind. Marian standing on the door-step of the manor-house watching the floating clouds in the autumn sky. It was a picture of ordinary things with an inner depth of beauty. The accessories were commonplace enough. There was a white pavement before this side door, some ivy on the wall, and all within was dark. The fair figure thus framed was dressed in some poor cotton stuff of pale blue and white lines that ran into one soft color. The dusky brown hair, with only a few golden threads where it sprang straight upward from the forehead, was plaited and hung in braids, as was the custom once before in those old days; and the hat, with ivy leaves thrust under its band of pale blue, was pushed back, and cast no shadow on that never-to-be-forgotten face.

I, plain John Gildern, was in the most unromantic of moods when, turning out of the path from the side gate by which I had entered, I came upon this sight. I presented the appearance of the most ordinary man of thirty, such as may be seen any day in London banks or offices in scores. I had come to the house merely on business, with no introduction to the family; but I carried a carpet-bag—a necessary appurtenance of the traveller in those days—and I was invited to stay in the house till my business was done, for it was expected to be troublesome and lengthy work: the drawing up of an accurate catalogue of the names and value of a galleryful of pictures, which the master of this place desired to sell to our firm. At my approach the girl stepped out of the doorway into the garden, and I saw no more of her that day.

An old gentleman, care-worn and, as it seemed to me, not too amiable in appearance or manner, received me in a room full of books and papers. When the servant—a shabby-looking individual, with threadbare livery—ushered me into his presence, he was bending over the table looking at some stones and colored earth through a glass that he held in a thin, palsied hand. He drew a newspaper hurriedly over his treasures, and without asking me to be seated, made his inquiries in a proud, slow voice. Was I from Messrs. Copal & Sons? I was. Had I come to examine the pictures as their agent? Yes, I had come to do that service. Then, he said, holding himself straight all the time, and, with a pitiable artifice of display, smoothing back his thin gray hair with the shaking hand, whereon glittered a great diamond—then I would find my room made ready; and I was free to stay at Elmsmere as long as my work lasted, for Messrs. Copal had given him to understand that it was sometimes a tedious operation to catalogue and do justice to so many pictures of all degrees of merit. He explained that he was a lover, not of art, but of study—waving his hand toward the book-shelves. He never went near the picture-gallery, and desiring retirement, he chose to ask but few to his house; so he was anxious to clear off the whole art collection—"all," he said, "every one of them;" and with a sudden betrayal of anxiety, despite his proud demeanor: "I am sure, Sir, Messrs. Copal have sent a competent agent, who will do my property justice. You can have them all, every one, mind; and I know such a house as yours gives a good price. Now, Sir, the servants will attend to your wants."

With that he bowed me out; and the shabby serving-man went before me along the passage, with slippers down at heel and stooping gait—a living satire upon the last order of the poor broken-down gentleman. Such, indeed, was his master. I knew it as well as if he had shown me his files of bills, and his mortgage papers, and the blank credit side of the accounts of Elmsmere. His diamond ring, his cold ceremony, and his erect port braving fortune, did not deceive me; but I must say for the credit of me, John Gildern the clerk, that I quitted his presence as I would have quitted that of a millionaire; for respect was commanded by this remnant of a grand family struggling against ill fortune, and being, as the phrase goes, "out of luck."

My work began, and was not easily ended. There were but few paintings of value, though there were many having traditions of great names attached to them, which a close examination proved to be groundless; for these were generally but copies, or works "in the manner of" Van Eyck, or De Wint, as the case might be. There were, however, some really good Dutch pictures, a beautiful but ill-preserved Madonna of the Tuscan school, and a Rubens that sorely puzzled me, but which, as the event proved, turned out to be genuine. The main bulk of the collection were family portraits, worth little more than their frames. It was clear from the names of these that the family was related to a knightly one; but this branch bore no title. There was a veritable Stuart court lady by Lely among the rubbish; and there were two pretty children with unkempt hair, great brown eyes, and pointed chins, purporting to be from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is no need to describe, nor can I at this day remember, all the pictures of that miscellaneous collection. But amongst these hundreds of bright or old and discolored canvases there was one that attracted my attention, and it was only a little thing, no more than eighteen by twenty inches in size. This was the portrait of a fair young woman among vine leaves at a window. She was dressed in white silk, adorned with jewels, and with strings of large pearls round her neck. Her hands were raised and clasped as if in some enraptured gesture, her blue eyes cast upward. And though the dress was so different, and the attitude of the hands was tragic, and what we commonly call "stagy," I had no difficulty in detecting a striking likeness between those fair, refined, spiritual features and the girl I had seen standing at the door. In the corner of the picture there was an awkward smear of paint. "That conceals the artist's name," I thought; and I soon carefully removed it. But beneath there was only scratched in small white letters, "My Juliet"—two words which cast no light upon my business, but awakened my curiosity to a painful degree. On the back was a date twenty years before.

My work soon put the discovery out of my head. I saw no one all day except the slipshod serving-man; and after a lonely evening, he came with a guttering candle to light me up stairs to a large bare room, filled with the smoke of an unwonted fire. It was a room with faded hangings, seedy pictures, a tiled hearth-place, and shadowy half-lit walls. Any one nervously inclined would have imagined not one but half a dozen ghosts there. I was haunted by nothing but the memory of the girl at the door, and the mystery of the portrait with its obliterated name, "My Juliet."

II.

All next day I worked alone, the rain pattering against the high narrow windows of the gallery. Many of the family portraits I omitted from my last list as not salable, and various other pictures I set down as "doubtful," not being able without consultation to settle the question of their authenticity; but the little painting of the girl in white silk at the window was so exquisite in feeling, in color, and in minute finish, that I had no hesitation about placing it in my list. It was about sunset, when the light in the gallery was strong and clear in a dry hour after the rain, that as I knelt deciphering some artist's marks on a little Dutch sea piece hung badly near the floor, I heard a light footfall, and looking up, I beheld a slight girlish figure treading with little slippered feet on the dark oak floor. I rose and bowed. It was the girl of whom I had wished vainly all day and all last evening to catch another glimpse. I rightly guessed that she was my host's granddaughter, and I was not free from an embarrassing flutter of heart when she came to speak to me; but I supposed it would be some message from the old man, nothing more.

The girl drew near and began to speak, with eyes not downcast, but like a child's eyes, raised steadily to mine, with a look that was at once the soul of innocence and maidenly gentleness. "I want to ask you," she said, "is that picture to be sold among the rest?" The picture she pointed to was that which had roused my curiosity the evening before.

Yes, I said; it was on my list. The instructions received were to the effect that all were to be sold; and though there were some of the larger portraits that I could not take, this picture was of value.

Never shall I forget the effect of these words—the nervous trembling of the girl's lip and the liquid look in the blue eyes. "Sir," she said, addressing me in that way because she knew nothing of latter-day customs, and was making an urgent appeal—"Sir, it is my mother's portrait. Grandfather does not care for it; but, oh! *I* do. It is no use for me to ask it of him, he thought so little of her. But will *you* ask him, and have it kept for me?"

"Most assuredly I will," said I, looking down at the earnest face, which it would have taken a harder and a more unchivalrous heart than John Gildern's to refuse. "I am certain there will be no difficulty about having it left out of the list."

"I am not so sure of that," she said, smiling and shaking her head. "Grandfather has such strange ideas sometimes, and he keeps so to whatever he once says."

"Other people do that too," I replied, assuringly. "I shall keep to what I have said, and see that the picture remains here."

With her sweet voice she thanked me, and went away, leaving poor John Gildern standing still, note-book in hand, calling to mind every word that had passed, like any romantic swain of twenty, wondering if he would see her again, and through sheer anxiety fancying every word of his own had been awkwardly and stupidly uttered.

When the servant summoned me to my solitary dinner, and took his place behind my chair in the deserted dining-room, full of faded grandeur, I could no longer resist the temptation to find out something about the family, or rather—need I conceal it?—about my charming little maid.

"It is rather tedious work for me here," I said, as a beginning, my preoccupation causing me to make such spluttering failures in dismembering a duck that I knew the shabby-coated old man was grinning behind my shoulder. "Family portraits are such useless things unless they are by a man of note, and there are some of the pictures that I know nothing about. For instance, there is a little thing of a lady in white silk at a window, and there is something interesting about it; but it has not even an artist's name." I knew I was not wasting my words. This servant had evidently grown gray in the family; most likely there was not an inch of the house unknown to him.

"Ah, yes—ah, yes, yes!" he said, speaking in low, husky tones, and clearly making a bad copy of his master's air of importance. "There's a secret about that pictur'; 'tain't no common affair—not it."

"Well," I said, "if you can assist me in any way that is valuable in my business, I shall of course consider your services." All is fair in love and war, they say, and I could not resist the desire to satisfy my curiosity.

"Much obleeged to you, Sir," said the husky old man, with a bow of great dignity, as he forthwith proceeded to relate the history of the mysterious picture.

The facts I afterward put together are these. There had long ago been a coldness, almost a feud, between the owner of Elmsmere and his only son. The cause of this was the attachment existing between the son and a beautiful and virtuous girl who was then on the boards at a provincial theatre. The delay to the marriage was caused by the father's threats of disinheriting the offender. But at last that difficulty was surmounted; a consent was wrested from the old man; the marriage took place; and the bride, bidding farewell to the stage, was brought home to Elmsmere. Her husband, the heir of the mansion, had dabbled a good deal in art. He painted his wife as Juliet, the part in which he had first seen her; and he insisted on hanging the portrait with the rest in the gallery. He met with a fatal accident not long after the marriage, and the father, for love of his willful son, let the small portrait hang where he had placed it, but with his own hand blotted out the words in the corner, "My Juliet." The young wife did not long outlive her sudden loss; and the old man was never reconciled to her, although, as the servant said, "she was the gentlest, most heavenliest bein', Sir, that ever drew breath." But when, in dying, she left an infant daughter, the father's heart warmed to the child, and for his son's sake she became to him the one dear thing on earth. This was the whole story—a sad one enough. My interest in it only made the servant more communicative.

"Master will want to see you to-night, Sir, as the business is done," he said; "and don't you mind, Sir, if you find him nervous a bit—or hot, as I may say. It's his way, Sir. The world's gone askew with him this long time back; and there's always a mine or some such nonsense just a-goin' for to be found on the estate, and not bein' found, after all, and edging his temper, poor gentleman!"

The old man was evidently glad of some one to talk to; but when he verged on his master's present affairs, I stopped him; and dinner being finished, sent him with a message to my host to ask if he was at leisure to see me. He sent back word that he was engaged on most important business, but he would see me in half an hour. When the summons to the library came at last, it was easy enough to see that the "most important business" had something to do with plans on the table, which were stained by late contact with clay or dusty stones. This much I could not help observing, as the plans lay on the table, and the old man held something in his hand, which dropped reddish earth on the floor when he stretched it toward me in an impatient gesture. I gave him a rough estimate of the value of his pictures, subject to changes, for better or worse, which might be made in it by my employers. I offered him his option of doing business in this way, or of having the whole collection disposed of on his own account for what it would bring at our sales-rooms. He said he preferred ready-money transactions, with the firm for the purchaser, but the figure I named was much too low. He went over the list with me, and waxed, as the servant had predicted, rather hot, on seeing some of the prices, and hotter still at my inability even to take into consideration the purchase of many of the portraits. He was only pacified, when he was absolutely losing his self-command, by my assurance that this catalogue was only a first estimate; that in order to avoid disappointment, I had set down what I myself thought the lowest figure, and that I had to leave out some works which examination might prove to be of great value, in which case our house would deal with him liberally. He had risen to his feet, but he sank again into his arm-chair on hearing this explanation, saying, "Certainly, certainly; we can not yet decide on the exact figure; and after all"—with a trembling voice and his loftiest air—"a few pounds one way or the other matter but little to me; but a man does not like to part with any of his property below what he himself believes to be its actual worth."

This I judged a favorable moment for the com-

mission I had received from my fair suppliant in the morning. I hastened to explain that a young lady, whom I judged to be his daughter—miserable me, driven to use such flattery!—"No," he said; "his granddaughter." I bowed, and went on. The young lady had requested me not to include in my list a small family portrait of some value.

"I know the thing," he said, impatiently. "She has been talking to me about it. Let it go. It is only a fancy of hers to keep it—a fancy, Sir, which does not concern your business here. I want the gallery cleared, and I am only sorry so many of those vapid daubs of our ancestors have to remain there."

His severe tone and cold looks were almost too much for me; but I was not outmastered yet. I replied, in a firm but respectful manner, sorry for the artifice I was resorting to against his gray-haired ruined pride: "You say, Sir, it does not matter to you whether the pictures bring a few pounds more or less. The price of this one is of no value to you, and the portrait itself is of so much value to the young lady for whom I speak that she herself made it be my business and my concern to mention it." This was a home thrust.

"Of course I don't care about the paltry price," he said. "If she really wants the thing so much, strike it out of your list." After that hurried speech he bowed my dismissal, as he had done at the last interview, only remarking that he supposed I would carry the result of my work to London in the morning, and there would be no further delay. When I had gone to the foot of the staircase, in the dusk of the spacious flagged hall, I saw his granddaughter coming hastily from a doorway, where no doubt she had waited anxiously for my step on the stairs.

"Have you asked grandfather?" she whispered.

"I have. He will do as you wish about the portrait. I have struck it off my list."

"I am so glad!" she said, still in a low voice. "I would not part with it for the world!" And she seemed surprised at her good fortune; while I knew but too well that the secret of it lay in my allusion to money affairs—a subject on which the poor man would have done anything rather than have a stranger's suspicion roused.

"You have been very kind," she said—"very good to me." And with some sudden impulse of gratitude she stretched out her hand, which I was but too proud to press for a moment in token of friendship.

"It was but a slight service," I said, scarcely knowing what words I stammered out. "I have to thank you for the pleasure of allowing me to do it for you."

In another moment she was gone, with a kindly "Good-night," and I tried in vain to persuade myself that it was possible for her to take my answer as anything but a piece of ordinary politeness. Yet I had meant it with all my heart. What else could I have said? I thought. What else could I have done? Of course my words had only the sound of a courteous answer, and as such she took them, thinking not of poor John Gildern, but of her rescued treasure.

In the morning I wished in vain for one sight of that fair, simple-hearted girl that had so unconsciously robbed me of my own heart's peace, and of my ordinary, unromantic, business-like frame of mind. More—I confess I loitered unnecessarily long over breakfast and departure; and I took many a side glance as the shabby servant led me to the door, and then it was not by the shortest route that I made my way to the high-road. But there was no help for it: I left Elmsmere without seeing my little enchantress again.

III.

Four years passed, to be added to John Gildern's thirty. I was fortunate enough to have a rich relative, and I gave up the service of Messrs. Copal, and spent the best part of those four years travelling with him in Italy; and it must be admitted that I thought but seldom of Elmsmere after the first few months, though there were certain memories connected with the place which might any day or hour have filled my time-tried heart as full of romance as was ever a boy of half my years. These memories I put out of my mind permanently, as useless and disturbing; but I had no other romance, though there were ample opportunities for such indulgence, both at home and when we were on our travels. At the end of those four years we returned to London, and I took up my former employment, but at a different house, which I may call here the house of Messrs. Easelby & Sons. One morning I was laughing over the pages of *Punch* in an idle hour—there were many idle hours at Messrs. Easelby's—when a fellow-clerk said, in his usual off-hand way of throwing work on me, "You might open that parcel, and attend to those letters which the late post has just brought in, Gildern."

I made some remarks more forcible than courteous about the parcel and letters, adding: "I shall attend to them this time; but it is none of my business." It was in this mood that I opened the first letter. Had my fellow-clerk been a student of physiognomy he would have seen my annoyance suddenly change to a feeling very different. But my comrade had no such gift of insight, and even if he had, there were deeper feelings awakened by that letter which my face did not betray. It was addressed to Messrs. Easelby, and the writing was light and unfinished in character, much like a school-girl's, with *u* and *n* alike. It was in after-readings—days, months, after that—I noted all this, and then it was in no spirit of criticism. At the time I only saw that it was from a young lady, asking if water-color drawings of hers done at her former country home would be acceptable for sale, adding that any price would be taken, as she was anxious to part with them; and the name signed was MARIAN ——. Even here I can not break the sacred secrecy of that second name; but it was the same as that of the owner of Elmsmere, and I no longer doubted who the writer was, even before I opened the thin flat parcel, and took out sketches of parts of the well-remembered garden, the avenue of elms, and the shallow reedy widening of the little river that bounded one part of the grounds, and gave the name to the house. The letter was dated from a shop that I happened to know—a stationer's in City Road. I knew, also, that this was merely an address for correspondence, and not the residence of the writer. Unfortunately there would not be the smallest hope in offering the drawings to my employers. But it was impossible for one who knew the would-be artist, and guessed the history of their coming, to return them to her as a failure. At least it was impossible for me, with pictures of the past rising in my mind, and sympathy roused until it was pain. I inclosed a trifling sum, letting it appear to come from Messrs. Easelby, and signing my name in my accustomed illegible manner, and that night I took the parcel of drawings to my own home.

Day after day I spent in plans for coming into actual communication with her. I built castles in the air then indeed, imagining how I would come to know her again; how her grandfather, who doubtless had by this time fallen lower in the world, would accept me as her suitor; and how life would run for the rest of our days like a fairy tale. At the same time, every week that went by in hesitation added to my anxieties, and at last I was positively suffering from suspense, all my old ardor roused and my sympathies quickened by the thought of this young girl, so unfit for the world's trials, obliged to do stern battle with them, and perhaps alone. My surmises were true. When about a month had passed, the clerk who attended to the correspondence came to me one day, laughing at a poor attempt at water-color drawing. I took the card-board out of his hand, touched to the quick, and gave some awkward explanation, ending with, "I shall attend to it." So I did attend to it, by sending to the girl's address a poor price, but the best I could afford, and taking home with me the worthless drawing. This happened twice again; and being now on the watch, I myself managed to receive the parcels and letters; and each time I did what any man on earth would have done had he been placed as John Gildern was—sent my own money with my usual illegible signature, and appropriated the poor child's work. Then, fearing the repetition of my pardonable ruse might lead to some awkward discovery, I desired the sender of the water-color drawings to leave them in future at an address which I gave in the City, and merely to mark them, "Messrs. Easelby & Co.—to be called for."

The result of this step proved that I was right in relying on her small knowledge of the business world. But what was my dismay to find, when first I called at this City address, a package which, on opening it at my own rooms, I found to contain—ah! how well remembered!—the picture of Marian's mother! A voice came to me out of the past: "I am so glad; I would not part with it for the world." But some overruling power had doubtless compelled it otherwise, and what a tale the parting told! I glanced at the accompanying letter. It stated with the most unbusiness-like simplicity that the writer greatly valued the picture, but she needed money at the moment. If Messrs. Easelby would send part of its price, and leave her the chance of buying it back again at some future time, she would be most grateful. But if they never did business on those terms, she would sell the picture for whatever they thought it worth.

"Poor child! poor Marian!" I exclaimed, with Heaven knows how sad and burning a heart; "she is sorely tried somewhere in this great hard world of London—sorely tried, and perhaps without a friend."

I paced up and down for a few moments, with the open letter in my hand, thinking what could be done, and haunted by every soul-stirring memory that the sweet young face and trustful blue eyes had left me. I wrote a hurried note, and sent it on its way, delaying only to inclose a check for the picture, and to explain that it would be safely kept, and might at any time be repurchased by the sender. Then I wrote another letter, taking care that it would arrive a post later than the business communication, purporting to be from Messrs. Easelby's clerk of the unknown signature. The second letter ran:

"DEAR MISS N——: I have hitherto corresponded with you only in your business affairs in relation to Messrs. Easelby; but strangely enough I once had the honor—far from forgotten—of meeting you at Elmsmere, when I was acting as agent for Messrs. Copal & Co. I have not forgotten your kindness and confidence in allowing me then to do you a slight service in connection with a picture which has to-day passed through my hands. If you send a word in answer to this note to John Gildern at the above address, I shall take it as a sign that you will do me the great favor of permitting me to renew that chance acquaintance. If I receive no answer, I shall do my best to be resigned to the greatest disappointment of my life; and in either case your business relations with Messrs. Easelby will continue exactly as if I had never ventured to send you this letter."

I took care to write my name with clearness in the body of the letter, but to sign it as usual at the close. After a day or two of the utmost anxiety, a few words came in answer. Poor Marian explained that her grandfather was ill, but that he would be glad to see me, and that she hoped I would not be surprised at finding that they had suffered great losses and misfortunes, for I would visit a very different home from Elmsmere. At the head of this letter was an address in a street in Finsbury—a quiet dull corner, not far from the City Road. Thither I made my way the very first evening after receiving the letter; and I still recollect how dull that street looked in the twilight, all the houses alike, as if each row had been cast in a mould. As I looked up and down for the house, I wondered if the people who lived there had to make sure of the number every time they went home. The number I sought led me to a house where in the lower room there was but dim fire-light, and bright light only in the top windows. After a long delay I was admitted to the room distinguished in those houses as the "front parlor." The stout landlady, who seemed particularly untidy and in a hurry, poked up the fire before she left me, and I could see distinctly the worn furniture, the glass shades of wax fruit, and the old lace curtains that I still recollect in one vague dream when I think of that room. The fire was bright, flashing white on the walls, when there came in a fair girl, pale and altered, but blue-eyed Marian still. But how strange she looked—tearful, and without a smile! She stretched out her hand, with the sorrowful words on her lips, "Poor grandpa!" She could utter no more; but I understood the rest. The poor broken-down man was dead in that bright room up stairs.

I would have gone away at once, feeling my presence an intrusion just then; but she asked me to stay, adding, most simply, with her face hidden in thin white hands: "You won't mind my crying a little; but don't go just yet awhile. It is kind of you to come, and I shall be able to talk to you soon. But I am so—so nervous and shaken."

We did not meet as strangers. Sorrow and sympathy become friends at once, and there is no barrier of ceremony between them. Somehow she trusted me; why, I can not tell, except, perhaps, because she knew nothing of the world, and I had once shown some little kindness to her about that picture at Elmsmere.

There is but little more to tell. I accompanied her a few days after to the old man's grave. It was a sad, lonely funeral: we were the only mourners.

I let but little time pass until I won Marian and made her my own; for loneliness and grief were telling upon her, and I could afford to despise the tattlers who talked of my unbefitting haste. Ah! it was well to make haste, for little did I suspect then that my new-found treasure was already hastening away from me. She busied herself gayly in our new home; she laid plans of all she would do to make it "a little paradise, John," when she would be well and strong; but there was a dark look under my little wife's blue eyes, a hollowness of the cheek once so fair and smooth, a husky cough that drove me wild with increasing fears. There was for me a deepening beauty in her looks; but more and more I felt the hand of fate upon us, as I watched her face and delicate form from day to day, seeing but too plainly

"Something faint and fragile in the whole,
As though 'twere but a lamp that held a soul."

At last the day came—dreaded, oh! how long!—when, raising her fair head from her pillow, my poor Marian whispered to the watcher in his constant place beside it: "Dear heart, tell me, am I dying?"

Oh! how the words cut into my very soul!—"Am I dying?"—from the sweet flower of Elmsmere, and the same question from troubled blue eyes that had so charmed me long ago. "Not dying, darling," I could only say. "Don't call it dying. It is only going home."

Then she laid her head upon my arm, looking up at me with those pure child-like eyes. "Don't grieve and fret, dear heart. Ah! I'm afraid you will. He will bring you home too, you know, into His bosom."

When I sat before my lonely hearth, I took courage from those words to bide my time and work out my life bravely. My grief has not driven me into selfish seclusion, and I have found interest in covering the walls of my home with art treasures of my choice. Amongst these is the picture of Juliet, which, with a pardonable artifice of love, I pretended to buy back for my poor girl before her marriage. As to her own drawings, I kept them hidden, and she never knew my secret. The revelation would only have taken from her the pleasure of thinking that her work had supported her ruined grandfather. But when she was with me no more, I filled my own room with those worthless sketches—priceless to me; and it is among them now that I have gone back through those old years, and raised again the memories of Elmsmere and of Marian as I saw her first, before her frail life was broken on the hard world's wheel.

EARLY LIFE OF SAVONAROLA.

JEROME SAVONAROLA was born in the splendid city of Ferrara, A.D. 1452. In the midst of that venerable city stood the palace, where there was a gorgeous and wicked court, of which the splendor was bound up with lust and bloodshed. Two illegitimate sons of the last ruler, Nicholas III., had succeeded him on the throne, instead of the lawful heir, Hercules, and their government tended in every way to the corruption of morals. Jerome grew up a dejected boy, speaking little, spending the greater part of his time in church, and praying much also in private. He would never consent to set foot within the ducal palace when he grew to be a man. He loved the daughter of a Florentine exile, but the father rejected him with disdain, and all life seemed very dark to him. Then in his darkness he turned to God (A.D. 1472), his prayers became more frequent and more earnest, and there was ever going up from within him the cry, "O Lord, show me the way that I should walk in!" So was it for two years. He had ever had a great love for St. Thomas Aquinas, and he yearned to enter his order of Black Friars. For a whole year he struggled with the misery of leaving his father and his mother, but on St. George's Day (A.D. 1475), when he had been alone in his home, he broke through all the bands which held him, with pain, but firm determination; he departed from his loving parents, and walked over the plain-lands to Bologna, where he was taken into the order under the shadow of St. Dominic's remains.

At once he wrote to his father, telling him earnestly of the miseries and wickedness of the world, of the scourges, heavy and hard, that must come upon evil men, and how God had called him to do his part to amend it all.

"He was of middle stature and dark complexion; his eyes flashed from under black eyebrows; his nose was aquiline, his mouth wide with full lips—which, however, he held compressed in such a manner as to manifest an immovable firmness of purpose; his forehead, which even then was furrowed with wrinkles, indicated a mind given to meditation and deep thought....His manners were simple and unpolished; his discourses, though unadorned and almost rough, were animated, effective, and powerful to such an extent as to convince and subdue every hearer. In his conventual life he usually preserved a profound silence, being wholly given up to the contemplation of divine things....He was most exemplary in regard to purity, while his modesty, his humility, and submissive spirit were without a parallel in the convent....It seemed as if the walls of the convent had restored to him his peace of mind, and that he wished for nothing more than to obey and to pray."

Jerome Savonarola lived seven years in the cloister (A.D. 1475—A.D. 1482), engaged in fasting, praying, and instructing the novices, then he was sent to preach in Ferrara. Men thought little of him there; yet, as he was travelling in a boat from Ferrara to Mantua, his fellow-passengers were thirteen soldiers, who were gambling and speaking in unseemly language, with many oaths; the undaunted Brother Jerome spoke in his earnest way to them, and forthwith eleven out of the thirteen fell upon their knees, and besought his forgiveness and his blessing; and so in like manner did he influence all with whom he came in contact.

In the same year he was ordered to Florence. He bade farewell to his father and mother and his friends, knowing he was never to see them again on earth, and went over the Apennines to the fair city, where he took up his abode in the convent of St. Mark. It had been the home of the blessed Fra Angelico and St. Antonine, and the memory of both was held in reverence within its walls.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THEY occupied a rustic seat 'neath the spreading elm; the pale moonbeams fell gently through the leafy boughs, and shed o'er each their soft and silvery radiance. "Darling," whispered the poetic jeweller, "you are like the matchless diamond, you are so brilliant and so pure. And what gem do I remind you most of, dearie?" "The emerald," she softly murmured; "because you are so green."

They have had a very sad affair at West Point. A lady at Cozzens's told her mamma that all the cadets wear white pants; whereupon a man said, "So do their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts;" and he had to be shot through the heart.

"I'm a ruta-baga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp, as he entered a farm-house near Freeport, Illinois, and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with a dishpanful of boiling water.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

A gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Parisian tailor to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said to the sartorial Aristarchus, "You must find that I am very badly dressed?" "Oh no," replied the artist, "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

The wife of a railroad conductor who had been discharged had the lightning-rods taken off the house and sold one day during her husband's absence. "Why did you do that?" said he, when he found it out; "ain't you afraid you'll be struck with lightning?" "Not when you are around," she replied: "ain't you a non-conductor?"

An honest Hibernian, while going along the road, was thus addressed by a friend: "Hello, Pat, you've got on the wrong side of your stocking." "I know that," says Pat; "there's a hole on the other side."

"Alas! this fatal gift of booty!" as the man said who was arrested for receiving stolen goods.

Somebody who appears to know how fashionable schools are managed says: "To educate young ladies is to let them know all about the ogies, the omenies, the ifics, the tics, and the mistics; but nothing about the ings, such as sew*ing*, darn*ing*, wash*ing*, bak*ing*, and mak*ing* pudd*ing*."

When a woman is making bread, she may perhaps be said to be in the very flour of her usefulness.

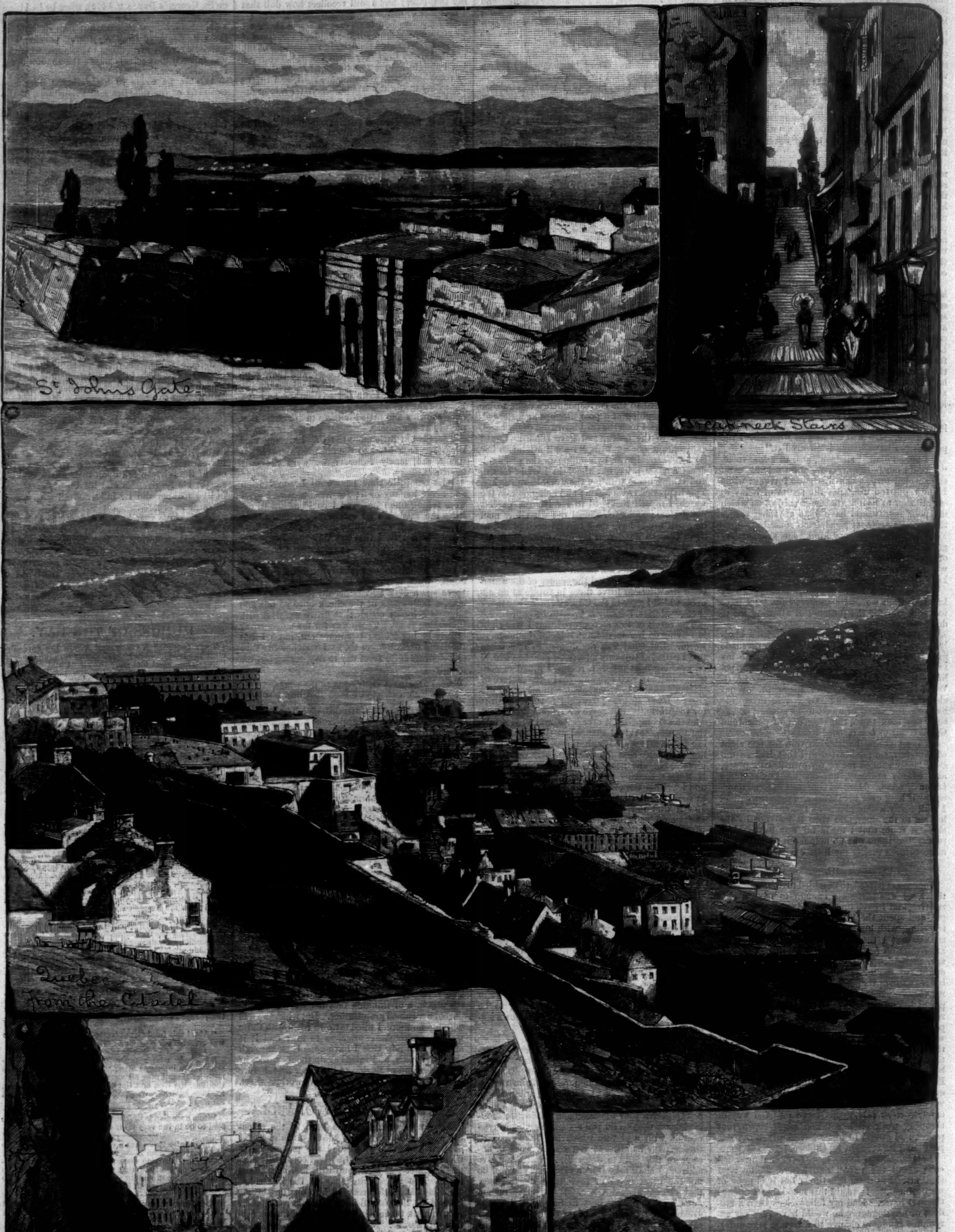
The painter Z—— has a comical little servant. The other day Madame Z—— scolded her for being away all day. "Madame does not know," replied the ingenuous soubrette, "that monsieur ordered me to go to the Salon and remain all day." "What for?" "To be a crowd in front of his picture."

A Chicago man wants the thief who stole his well bucket and rope to come back and take the well, as it is of no use to him now.

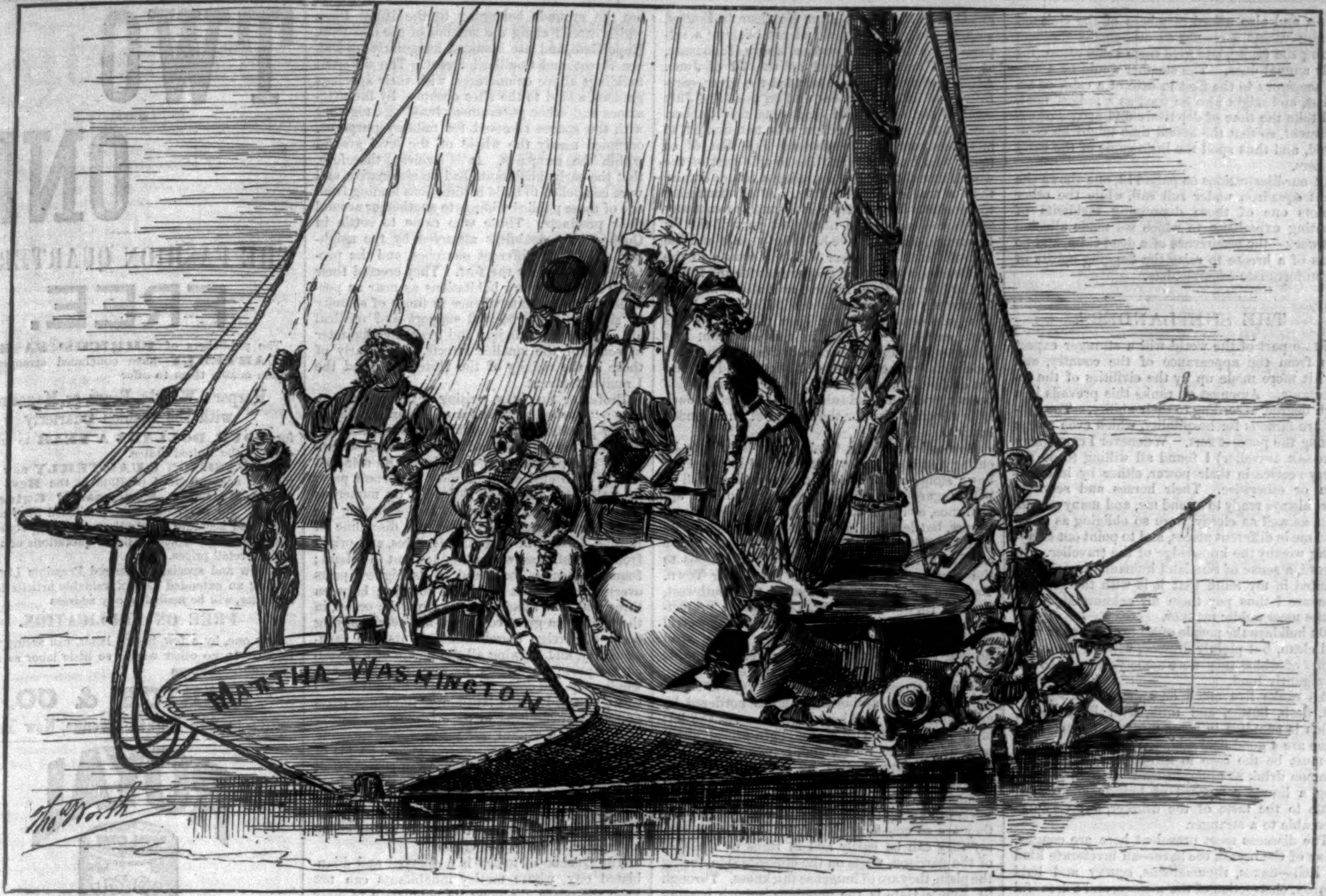
Hands have they, yet feel not—clocks. Legs have they, yet walk not—tables. Eyes have they, yet see not—needles. Teeth have they, yet chew not—combs.

"Aw, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty, as he adjusted his eyeglass, "sea-bathing has grown unpopulah; because, you see—aw—the vulgah herd took to the watah, and it has become vewy much soiled."

The paternal author of the belle of Saratoga the other day, shortly after his return to the springs, was approached by a youth, who requested a few minutes' conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, Sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment—" "Young man," interrupted the parent, briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on the subject. I have given my consent to the others, and I give it to you. God bless you!"



IN AND AROUND QUEBEC.—DRAWN BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

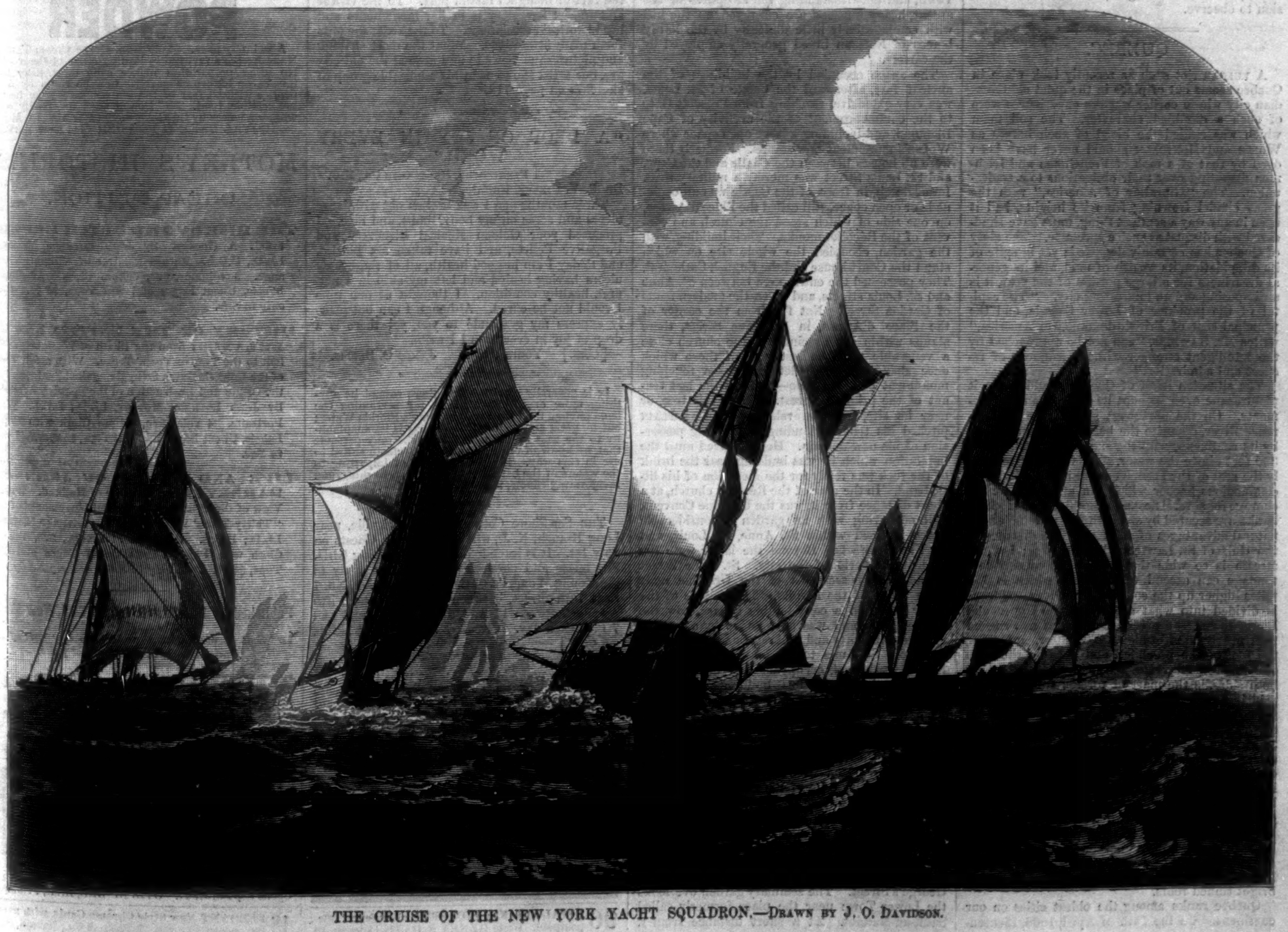


WAITING FOR A BREEZE.—DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.

THE YACHTING SEASON.

THE New York Yacht Club squadron disbanded on the evening of August 15, after a very successful cruise of ten days' duration, during which time they visited New London, Greenport, Newport, New Bedford, and Oak Bluffs. Vice-Commodore THOMAS, of the *Rambler*, has had the honor of commanding one of the largest fleets that ever sailed together under the New York Yacht Club colors, as at one time there were thirty yachts attached to the squadron. This large addition to the usual number of yachts that attend the annual cruise is indicative of the popularity of that style of yachting, as compared with racing in regattas. Every year the number of entries in the annual regatta appears to be on the decrease, while the cruising is steadily gaining strength.

The *Herald* states that the success of the recent cruise has given rise to some discussion among yachtsmen in regard to certain proposed changes for next year. Some members propose to abolish the annual regatta in favor of the race from port to port, and devote the $3500 expended by the club for the former to chartering a large steamer capable of accommodating a hundred guests. The steamer could carry a band of



THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT SQUADRON.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

music, and also afford members of the club not owning yachts a chance to accompany the fleet during the cruise, and give them some return for their annual dues. The steamer would be a useful accessory to the fleet in case of a calm or accident; and might also be used as a judges' boat, and take the time of departure and arrival of every yacht, so that the actual time might be computed, and thus spoil the little game of the early starters.

Of our illustrations on page 713, one shows the yacht squadron under full sail, while the other depicts one of those depressing incidents of yachting experience to which we made allusion last week—the occurrence of a dead calm, and no signs of a breeze to raise the flagging spirits of the unfortunate excursionists.

THE SHETLANDERS.

In no part of the world will a stranger expect less from the appearance of the country, and find it more made up by the civilities of the inhabitants. Amongst all ranks this prevails in a high degree, according to their ability. The gentry are famous for hospitality, which even reigns among the poorest sort. Whenever I came (says a recent traveller) I found all willing to do me every service in their power, either by information or otherwise. Their horses and servants were always ready to attend me, and many gentlemen, as well as clergy, were so obliging as to attend me in different places, and to point out everything worthy the knowledge of the traveller. In a word, a sense of Shetland humanity is so firmly planted in my mind that it is with the greatest pleasure I thus pay them my acknowledgments in the most public manner.

On holidays the people of all ranks appear neat and clean, but plainly dressed, without the ornaments of which they were some years ago so extravagantly fond.

All ranks live much on animal food, such as fish, flesh, butter, and milk, with little bread, which is supplied in some measure by potatoes. Some are a good deal addicted to dram-drinking, as must be the case in fishing countries. The common drink at table, instead of small beer, is grog, a liquor composed of brandy and water, made to the taste of the drinker, but very disagreeable to a stranger.

The diseases most prevalent here are coughs, pains of the breast, the heve—an inveterate kind of itch—fluxes, rheumatisms, scurvy and bald leprosy, obstruction of the menses, and a dreadful disease to be found in Unst and Fetlar.

The natives of Shetland marry young, and are very prolific; yet it is a question whether they increase or not, owing to the way of life—many accidents at sea they meet with, and which shorten many of their days. The small-pox of late was peculiarly fatal.

As to their make, the Shetlanders are generally robust and healthy, are adventurous in fishing, abstemious while at sea, but lazy when they have an opportunity of being so, as I have had occasion to observe.

QUEBEC.

A VULGAR riot such as recently took place in Quebec seems out of place in the quiet old Canadian city whose earlier warlike experiences were of such a dignified character. The soil upon which was spilled the blood of such heroes as WOLFE and MONTCALM should never have been dyed by that of a mob of Frenchmen and Irishmen disputing over their obligations to a trades-union. The "Gibraltar of America," with the great citadel frowning from its heights, had it been in any way a sentient thing, must have shuddered with disgust at such a spectacle. The glory of Quebec has certainly departed; yet in spite of its dilapidation, its wealth of mud, and its general dreariness for a large portion of the year, it is an imposing and an interesting city. "The capital of the province of Lower Canada, and the principal seat of British dominion in America," writes Mr. HAWKINS, "can not be approached by the intelligent stranger without emotions of respect and admiration."

The situation itself of Quebec would make it picturesque even without its turrets and battlements. On the northwest side of the St. Lawrence River, opposite the beautiful basin formed by its confluence with the small river St. Charles, 350 feet above the water, stands Quebec, formerly the seat of the French empire in the West. A commodious harbor which can afford a safe anchorage for several fleets, a magnificent river whose banks are secured by steep cliffs, are some of the natural advantages of the city. The distance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence is 360 miles; but the stream is so wide that vessels of considerable tonnage can ascend to Montreal, which is 180 miles higher up the course of the river. Quebec is divided into what are called the Upper and Lower towns by a precipice of naked and rugged rock nearly 300 feet high. The latter, embracing the foot of the precipice, and skirting the base of the promontory to a considerable extent on both sides, is the mart of foreign trade, and the principal place of business. It is built on ground made partly by excavations from the rock or redeemed from the water, and contains numerous and convenient wharves and store-houses for the accommodation of trade and navigation. The channel before the town is rapid, its breadth being about 1134 yards. The depth of the river before the city is about thirty-four fathoms, and good anchorage is everywhere to be found. The Upper Town is exceedingly picturesque. The houses rise one above another in the form of an amphitheatre, diversified by large buildings and lofty spires, pouring a brilliant light from their bright tinned roofs.

Quebec ranks among the oldest cities on our continent. On the 13th of April, 1608, Lieutenant CHAMPLAIN set sail from Honfleur, in France, with the express purpose of establishing a settlement on the St. Lawrence, above Tadoussac, at which port he arrived on the 3d of June. After a short stay he ascended the river, carefully examined the shores, and on the 3d of July reached the spot called Stadacona, now Quebec. CHAMPLAIN, whose ambition was not limited to mere commercial speculations like that of so many who had preceded him to this part of the world, thought more of founding a future empire than a trading post for furs. After examining the position, he selected the elevated promontory which commands the narrowest part of the St. Lawrence, the extensive basin between it and the Isle of Orleans, together with the mouth of the St. Charles, as a fit and proper seat for the future metropolis of New France, and there laid the foundation of Quebec on the 3d of July, 1608. His judgment has never been disputed or his taste called in question in this selection. Its commanding position, natural strength, and aptitude both for the purposes of offense and defense are evident on the first view; while the unequalled beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of the scene mark it as a worthy site for the capital of an extended empire.

Generally speaking, Quebec may be said to be entirely surrounded by a strong and lofty wall of hewn stone, constructed with elegance as well as with regard to durability. Its castellated appearance, owing to its ditches, embrasures, round towers, battlements, and gates, adds much to its grand and imposing effect from without. There are five gates, opening in different directions to the country, the suburbs, and the Lower Town. Two are in the rampart toward the southwest, namely, St. John's and St. Louis gates, protected by outworks of great strength and powerful combination. Through the latter is the road leading to the spot rendered forever memorable by the death of WOLFE, to the Plains of Abraham, and the race-course. This road is kept in repair by the military authorities, and is bordered by neat houses and well-kept gardens. On the left of this road, on the brow of a slight ascent, about half way to the race stand, is one of the four Martello towers erected at different distances between the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles. Cannon are mounted on the summit of these towers to sweep the undefended plain below, and they are so constructed that if taken by an enemy they can be easily laid in ruins by the shot of the garrison, while on the opposite side, facing the plain, they are of immense thickness. Through St. John's Gate is the populous suburb bearing that name, and the road leading to the beautiful parish of St. Foy, lined with agreeable residences and villas. Along this road was the favorite drive of the Canadian belle before the conquest in 1759. Palace Gate and Hope Gate both open to the river St. Charles and the Lower Town. The former leads also to the market on the St. Charles, from which there is a fine view of the city and fortifications on that side. Prescott Gate is the principal thoroughfare to the Lower Town, and notwithstanding the steepness of the ascent, heavy burdens are conveyed up the hill with comparatively little difficulty by the hardy horses of Norman breed generally employed by the carters.

The space occupied by the buildings of the ancient fort, afterward the Castle of St. Louis, was very extensive, reaching from Prescott Gate to the commencement of the acclivity of Cape Diamond, and including a large open space where WOLFE'S monument now stands. Formerly there were no houses between the Castle and the Cape, and St. Louis Street was merely a military road. Immediately in front of the Castle was an esplanade or open space, still called the Place d'Armes, on one side of which stood the church and convent of the Récollet monks. Their building, with the garden, occupied the whole site on which stand the Court-house and the English Cathedral. They possessed the entire area between St. Anne and St. Louis streets, and given the modern name of Garden Street. Not far from the corner of the Place d'Armes, in St. Anne Street, there stands within the precincts of the church close a venerable tree, the last relic of those which once shaded the Récollet fathers—a touching monument of olden time—perhaps the last tenant of the primeval forest. Under this tree, or near its site, tradition relates that CHAMPLAIN pitched his tent on landing and taking possession of his new domain. Here he lived until the habitation which he was building near the brink of the rock was ready for the reception of his little band. In the rear of the Récollet church, at a short distance from it, was the Ursuline Convent, still occupying with its garden a considerable space inclosed within St. Anne, St. Louis, and St. Ursule streets. Beyond the latter were the ancient ramparts of the city. St. Anne Street divided the possessions of the Ursuline nuns from those of the Jesuits. The college of the latter stood in a considerable square, now the market-place, and was surrounded by a garden, planted with lofty and umbrageous trees, extending from St. Anne to St. John's streets. The French cathedral, occupying one side of this square, and its attached buildings, covered a space reaching to Fort Street, and was divided from the Place d'Armes by a road which afterward became Buade Street. At the descent into Mountain Street the buildings belonging to the French Cathedral communicated with the site occupied by the bishop's palace and gardens, reaching to the edge of the rock. The ancient palace is said to have been equal to many similar establishments in France.

From the French Cathedral to the Grand Battery the site is covered with the buildings and garden of the seminary, bounded also by Hope Street (formerly Sainte Famille Street) and St. George's Street. The seminary garden overlooks the Lower Town near the place formerly called Sault-au-Matelot. At a short distance from it are the grounds belonging to the Hôtel Dieu, which extend along the summit of the cliff from Hope Gate, and are bounded irregularly by Palace Street and Couillard Street. The different buildings above enumerated, with their spacious gardens, added to the sites occupied by the magazines and other government buildings, together with the spaces reserved for military purposes, occupied nearly the whole of the level ground within the ramparts. It is evident, therefore, that the early inhabitants had no alternative, and were compelled to build in directions leading from one of these public buildings to another, or around their precincts. Those who came to settle in Quebec were doubtless attracted by the neighborhood of the different churches, and the protection afforded by the fort. They erected their small and temporary habitations as near as possible to the convents whence in times of scarcity or sickness they received support and medical aid. Hence the winding and irregular character of some of the smaller streets, particularly of those in the vicinity of the Hôtel Dieu and the Ursuline Convent.

Professor SILLIMAN, writing sixty years ago, says: "Quebec, at least for an American city, is a very peculiar place. A military town, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, most compactly and permanently built (stone its sole material), environed as to its most important parts by walls and gates, and defended by numerous heavy cannon; garrisoned by troops having the arms, the costume, the music, the discipline of Europe, foreign in language, features, and origin from most of those whom they are sent to defend; founded upon a rock, and in its highest parts overlooking a great extent of country; between three and four hundred miles from the ocean, in the midst of a great continent, and yet displaying fleets of foreign merchantmen in its fine capacious bay, and showing all the bustle of a crowded sea-port; its streets narrow, populous, and winding up and down almost mountainous declivities; situated in the latitude of the finest parts of Europe, exhibiting in its environs the beauty of a European capital, and yet in winter smarting with the cold of Siberia; governed by a people of different language and habits from the mass of the population; opposed in religion, and yet leaving that population without taxes, and in the full enjoyment of every privilege, civil and religious—such are the prominent features which strike a stranger in the city of Quebec."

The Quebec of to-day is a decayed and dilapidated city, whose motley inhabitants can not keep the peace. Among its population of sixty thousand only forty thousand are French, and the rest English, Irish, and Scotch. These suffice to raise the question of capital and labor, which produces so much disturbance as to lead to bloodshed. At the same time, Quebec is not an industrial town. The building of wooden ships for the carrying trade was formerly the chief industry of the place, but this has greatly decreased since the introduction of iron vessels. Her great value in the commercial world lies in the fact of being an inland port. To the visitor and tourist her glory is in her monuments and her historical associations. To the artist she puts forth many attractions. What the most striking and picturesque views in and around the old city are, our artist shows us in his admirable group of sketches on page 712.

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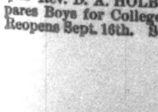

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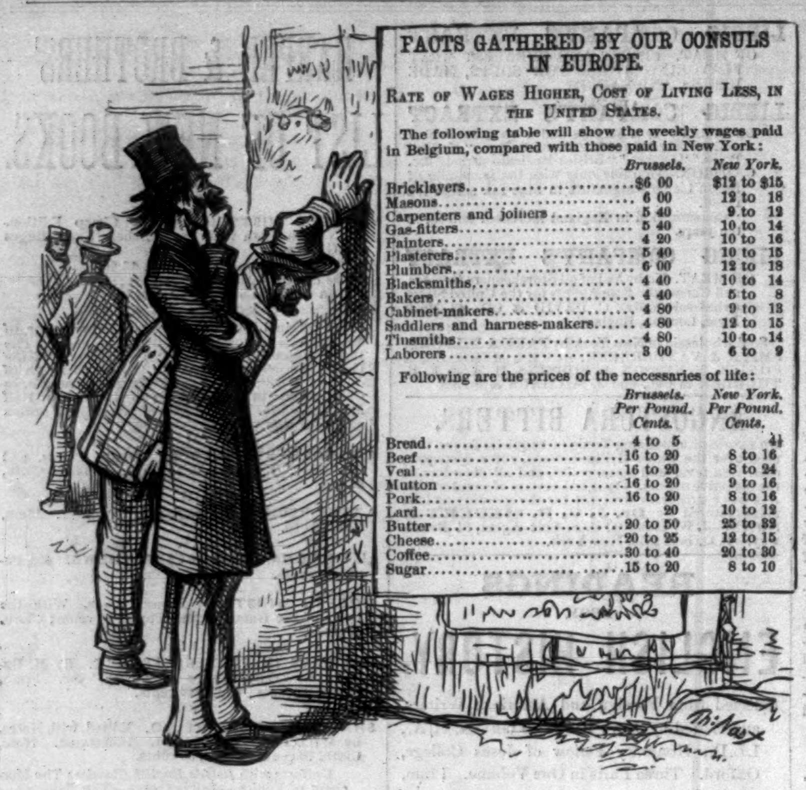

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"CAUGHT BY THE TIDE."—FROM A PAINTING BY M. BOTTOMLEY.

THE ROYAL TOUCH.

THE faith, which prevailed for many years after Bacon's time, in the efficacy of the royal touch must be regarded as based to some degree on evidence, though the evidence was misunderstood. In days when many believed that a certain divinity doth hedge a king, it was natural that in the first place the imaginations of those folks of feeble vitality and often of deficient mental power, who were brought to kings to be touched, should be so far affected as to cause such bodily changes as we now know to be produced by a strongly excited imagination, and that in the second place the persons thus cured and those who heard of such cures should attribute the effect to the virtue of the kingly touch, not to the influence of mere mental processes. Dr. Todd, in his *Influence of the Mind on the Body*, quotes a singular passage from a book by Browne, of Norwich, surgeon to King Charles II.—a book rejoicing in the title *Adenochoiradelogia; or, a Treatise of Glandules, and the Royal Gift of Healing Them.* "A Nonconformist child in Norfolk," says Browne in the passage referred to, "being troubled with scrofulous swellings, the late deceased Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, being consulted about the same, his Majesty being then at Breda or Bruges, he advised the parents of the child to have it carried over to the king (his own method being used ineffectually); the father seemed very strange at his advice, and utterly denied it, saying the touch of the king was of no greater efficacy than any other man's. The mother of the child, adhering to the doctor's advice, studied all imaginable means to have it over, and at last prevailed with the husband to let it change the air for three weeks or a month; this being granted, the friends of the child that went with it, unknown to the father, carried it to Breda, where the king touched it, and she returned home perfectly healed." The worthy doctor is careful that the moral of the story should not be overlooked. "The child being come to its father's house, and he finding so great an alteration, inquires how his daughter arrived at this health. The friends thereof assured him that if he would not be angry with them they would relate the whole truth; they having his promise for the same, assured him they had the child to be touched at Breda, whereby they apparently let him see the great benefit his child received thereby. Hereupon the father became so amazed that he threw off his Nonconformity, and expressed his thanks in this manner: 'Farewell to all Dissenters and to all Nonconformists. If God can put so much virtue into the king's hand as to heal my child, I'll serve that God and that king so long as I live with all thankfulness.'" It was found later that Hanoverian kings had the same power as the Stuart, even as old Aubrey had noted of the Yorkist and Lancastrian kings. "The curing of the King's Evil," he said, "by the touch of the king does much puzzle our philosophers, for whether our kings were of the house of York or Lancaster, it did the cure for the most part." And so no doubt it would if the patient had been touched by one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, or by the valet of such a one, or, in fine, by Tom Noakes or John Styles, so only that the patient was fully persuaded he had been touched by the rightful monarch.

Another "royal personage" succeeded (by a

coincidence singular enough, at the same place, Breda) in curing a number of men of a much more active disorder, though in this case the imagination was aided chiefly by the ideas suggested by medicine bottles of orthodox shape, not solely by faith in royal blood. During the siege of Breda, in 1625, many soldiers of the Prince of Orange's army were prostrate with scurvy. The mortality was serious, the patients having altogether lost heart. "This," says Dr. Frederic van der Mye, who was present, "was the most terrible circumstance of all, and gave rise to a variety of misery; hence proceeded fluxes, dropsies, and every species of distress (*omne chaos morborum*), attended with a great mortality." At length the Prince of Orange sent word to the sufferers that they should soon be relieved, and provided with medicines pronounced by doctors to be wonderfully efficacious in the cure of scurvy. "Three small phials of medicine were given to each physician, not enough for the recovery of two patients. It was publicly given out that three or four drops were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor." "We now," says Van der Mye, "displayed our wonder-working balsams, nor were even the commanders let into the secret of the cheat put upon the soldiers. They flocked in crowds about us, every one soliciting that part might be reserved for their use. Cheerfulness again appears in every countenance, and a universal faith prevails in the sovereign virtue of the remedy.... The effect of the delusion was really astonishing, for many quickly and perfectly recovered. Such as has not moved their limbs for a month before were seen walking the streets sound, upright, and in perfect health. They boasted of their cure by the Prince's remedy.... Many who declared that they had been rendered worse by all former remedies recovered in a few days, to their inexpressible joy, and the no less general surprise, by taking (almost by their having brought to them) what we affirmed to be *their gracious Prince's cure*." We may add that on another occasion wide-spread scurvy was suddenly cured in a very different way: it is stated on good authority, says Dr. Todd, "that in 1744 the prospect of a naval engagement between the British and allied fleet had the effect of checking the scurvy."

FAIRY STORIES FROM DONEGAL.

THE FAIRY GUEST.

JOHN and Peggy Donnel lived half way up Dooish Mountain, in a region of frequent mist and storm. Far down below them lay Gartan Lough, embosomed in rugged, furze-covered hills, and above and around stretched mile upon mile of mountain—acres of heather, the abode of grouse innumerable; patches of grass where droves of sheep and cattle grazed; and inaccessible heights, known only to the golden eagle and her wild brood.

Donnel was a drover, *i. e.*, he bought up cattle, let them graze upon the mountains, and sold them when fattened. He was very comfortably off, and his cottage was well built and thatched. He found no difficulty in paying his rent to the day, and had always abundance of such simple food and clothing as satisfied his desires. It was a November night of storm and rain. The gusts thundered at the door, tossing the bare arms of the few stunted sycamores that grew near the house; they had swept along mountain defiles and across the gray waters of the lough, and now shrieked and howled madly round the gable. An occasional lull in the storm brought the clamor of sea-gull and cry of plover to Donnel's ear. He locked the door, stuffed a wisp of straw under it to keep out the cold wind, and sat down opposite Peggy in the ample chimney-corner.

"God send the cattle has found shelter the night!" said he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

Peggy was spinning. She stopped her wheel suddenly to ask, "Did you no hear something, John dear?"

"Ay, Peggy, I heard the sough o' the wind."

"Whist, whist, honey! there it was again; it wasna like the wind."

"Sure it was the sea-gull an' the plover," replied her husband, carelessly.

Just then another blast of hurricane swept across the lake and thundered at the door, tossing the carefully arranged wisp of straw into the middle of the kitchen.

"It was a pitiful cry, but it wasna the birds, let alone the wind," said Peggy, listening intently.

"Wha wad come to we'er door the night?" asked John, impatiently. "You're aye talking foolitchness since that villain, that thief o' the world, Tim O'Brien, went awa'."

Two days previously the servant had taken his departure without giving warning, or letting his master and mistress have the slightest inkling of his intention. They had both been overworked since then, and the consequence was that one was cross and the other tired and nervous.

Again the whistling, raging blast. Mrs. Donnel shivered, and muttered a prayer for all sailors and wanderers as she threw more turf upon the blazing hearth. There was a strange cry at that very moment. She went to the door and unlocked it, and while the wind burst in restlessly, it brought something like a human figure in along with it.

"Woman! woman!" screamed the outraged husband, jumping up with an oath to re-shut and lock the door.

As the cloud of turf ashes began to settle again, the figure, the gift of the storm, was more distinctly seen. A miserable, stunted boy, thinly clad, without cap or shoes and stockings, crouched over the fire, holding his perished hands to the warmth. He had red hair, large blue eyes, and a gentle, intelligent face. Peggy Donnel felt her heart drawn toward him at once.

"Poor wean; but you're kilt wi' the wet an' cold. Did you come far the day?" she asked.

The poor boy lifted his large soft eyes to her face without speaking.

"Be seated an' warm yoursel'; the gude man makes you welcome."

The boy sat down on the stool she placed for him before the fire, and smiled at her in silence.

"Who had the heart to let the likes o' you travel the night? What do they call you, my poor wee man?"

No answer. "I declare he's a dummy, John," cried she; "the poor wean!"

The storm raged on, but the wanderer was safe and happy. He stretched out his bare feet on the warm flag-stone, and the steam rose from his rags, which had been soaked through with the rain. Meanwhile Peggy set back her wheel, lifted the pot from the crook, and filled a wooden bowl with mealy potatoes. The boy eyed them hungrily, and when she spread a handful of salt on a stool, and put a tin of milk into his hand, he required no further invitation.

John Donnel's ill temper vanished as he watched the child eat his supper, and heard his sighs of contentment.

"Where shall he sleep? Tim O'Brien's bed's no made yet."

"I'll shake straw in the corner there near the fire," replied Peggy, "an' throw a wheen sacks over him. He'll sleep rightly, I'll warrant him."

"Ay; it 'll be better nor the back o' a dike, I'm thinking," returned John.

The poor creature was now quite dry and warm; he lay down on the straw that the kind woman prepared for him, but he first caught hold of her hard hand, and pressed his lips upon it.

"Look, John, look!" cried she, with tears in her eyes; "did you ever see the like o' that?"

It was twenty years since a child had slept under that roof, full twenty years since a small black coffin had been carried down the mountain, containing Peggy Donnel's son, and more than half her heart. She dreamed of her dead son that night as she had not dreamed for a very long time. She fancied that he came to her bedside, and begged her to be good to the friendless child for his sake.

The storm lulled before dawn, and by the time the Donnels got up to their work the stranger was up also. When Peggy took her milk pail, prepared to go out to the byre, he sprang forward, and took it from her hand. Smilingly she consented to let him help her milk Moiley and Buttercup, and strain up the milk; then, while she made breakfast, he signed to John that it was his wish to assist him also. Very useful he was in finding the cattle, and driving them to fresh grazing ground; and he did a hundred helpful things during the day.

"He's a sight better than Tim O'Brien. Let us keep him, an' he'll be as good a boy as we could get," said John Donnel that evening.

"What name shall we call him?" asked Peggy, quite pleased at her husband's proposal.

"Niel wad be a good enough name," thought John.

So the dumb boy was called "Niel," was given a suit of gray freize, and shoes and socks, and became the servant instead of the truant, Tim O'Brien.

A season of extraordinary prosperity began for the Donnels from the day Niel came to them. No accident happened to the cattle that winter or spring; the hens laid diligently, so that Peggy made quantities of money by selling eggs; the churn was always so full of butter that the staff would hardly move in it; and butter was bringing eighteenpence per pound in Letterkenny market. If Donnel sold, he gained more than his neighbors; if he bought, everything was cheap for him.

"We did weel to shelter the boy," he was wont to remark, when any striking instance of Niel's industry or cleverness came under his observation; but sometimes, to his wife's anger and disgust, he would animadvert upon the large appetite of his little servant.

Niel gained the good-will of the few neighbors who lived on the mountain; but, what was more remarkable, he seemed to have a strong attraction for all birds and animals. The mice sang in corners of the house; the cock and hens loved to roost on the rail at the foot of his bed; the cattle lowed and horses neighed when he appeared; the singing birds alighted on his shoulder in the field; and the sea-gulls from their island in the lough flew to pick up insects at his feet. An indescribable sense of peace and well-being hovered over the dwelling of which he was an inmate.

The very night after his arrival he made a handsome bow, and each evening while Peggy sat at her spinning-wheel he made arrows, tossing them, as he finished them, up to the loft. There was a large sheaf of arrows lying beside the bow, but he never shot a single one.

"Why, but you tak' your bow an' arrows outbye an' play yoursel' a wee, Niel dear?" asked Mrs. Donnel, when the bright spring evenings came; but no answer of any description was forthcoming. It was a real vexation to her that she had no means of discovering why he had made the bow and went on making so many arrows.

When May eve arrived, and flames leaped up from fires on every hill, and dark figures moved round the blaze; when the glow was reflected in the lough, and the gulls flew screaming in a thick white cloud from their island, disturbed by the unusual noise; and the snipe whirred by, bleating their astonishment—on that most enchanting night of all the year, Mrs. Donnel's dumb servant was greatly agitated. More than once he went to the door to gaze at the fair scene without, and returning, as if with a strong effort, to his kind mistress's side, kissed her hand—his favorite mode of showing his affection.

"He's crying, the crathur," said Peggy on one of these occasions. "Maybe it's because you scolded him this morning, John, for just naething, ava."

John, whose temper was very hasty, had spoken sharply to the boy in Peggy's hearing.

Things went on thus throughout the summer and autumn; but when Hallowe'en approached, Niel grew restless again. The dry benweeds shook their withered yellow heads in the cold breeze; there they stood in their ugliness, spread over many a field, ready when Hallowe'en came to turn into fairy steeds, each one ridden by an elfin rider. Niel went out in the moonlight on the mysterious night, but returned in time to smile his good-night to Peggy before lying down on his humble bed, and he was not able to tell her whether he had caught a glimpse of the fairy troop or not.

One November morning, a year after Niel's arrival, John Donnel came into the kitchen pale with grief and dismay.

"The cattle are all away!" he cried—"all driven off the mountain in the night. Thieves! robbers! Oh, Niel avick! Oh, Peggy mavourneen, what 'ill I do, anyway?"

"Gone? Stolen?" exclaimed Peggy, and she was unable to utter a word more.

"Ay, gone—stolen!" repeated the bereaved owner, crying bitterly.

"Whisht," said Niel, coming forward quietly, and speaking in an authoritative tone—"whisht this minute, an' saddle the mare, an' let us awa' after the thieves!"

The surprise of hearing Niel calmed John at once. He let him bring out the mare, and helped him to put on the saddle. Then he mounted, and it seemed quite natural that the boy should spring up behind, first taking his bow and arrows from the loft.

"This way," commanded Niel, when they reached the high-road; "I see the tracks o' the beasts."

Donnel could not see any tracks, but he suffered Niel to guide him at each cross-road. The day was far advanced before they caught sight of the drove about a quarter of a mile ahead of them, accompanied by two collies and four men.

"How 'ill we fight a' thae thieves an' rascals o' the world?" cried John, again reduced to the depths of despair.

"Leave it to me," replied Niel, bending to one side, and shooting an arrow in the direction of the drove.

There was a strange commotion ahead when that fairy arrow reached its goal, for the animal hit at once turned round and galloped back to its owner. Another and another arrow followed that one, till at length the whole drove turned about, and presently surrounded John and Niel.

There stood the four robbers gazing after them as if spell-bound.

"Now," said Niel, "we may ride home again; the cattle will go before us."

On and on they rode, driving the recovered heifers. No word of gratitude had Donnel spoken, and as the glow of pleasure caused by the restoration of his property died out a little, his usual fretful temper returned; but Niel did not appear to notice his morose silence.

"Will you be pleased to stop at this house by the road, John, till I get a drink?" asked the boy, who was tired and thirsty.

"We havena the time to stop, an' night comin' on; sure you can wait till we get home," replied the churlish master.

Niel said nothing until they reached another house a mile further on, when he again made his request, and was again refused. But Donnel himself began to be thirsty and weary, and at the next road-side cabin he drew up.

"Good woman," called he, "be pleased to gie me a drink."

The woman hurried out with a bowl of water, from which Donnel drank; and then he said to Niel, "Here, boy, you may drink now."

"No, John Donnel," returned the boy, "you are a selfish, ungrateful man, an' I'll neither eat nor drink mair frae your hand. I brought your cattle back, but you wouldna stop a minute to let me drink; an' you'd tak' the drink yoursel' before you'd hand the bowl to me! If it wasna for Peggy, I'd just send the beasts back to the thieves; but I'll leave your house, an' that 'ill be punishment enough for you." So saying, Niel jumped down from the horse, and climbing a ditch disappeared.

"Oh, Niel avick! Sure I didna mean to affront you. Oh, come back! How will I get the beasts home, anyway?"

No answer—no trace of Niel, search where he might. With the utmost difficulty, and after hiring a couple of men to help him, Donnel did succeed in driving his cattle home, and it was late at night when he entered his own kitchen, and sank down by the fireside.

"Where's Niel?" was the first thing Peggy said.

Her sorrow and dismay overwhelmed her as she listened to her husband's story.

"Oh, John, you unfortunate, foolish man, don't you know what you've done? You've banished luck frae we'er roof. Sure I knowed what he was the minute I heard him speak this mornin'."

The poor woman threw her apron over her head, and wept as she had not wept since her son's coffin left the house one-and-twenty years before. And good reason had she for her tears. From that moment nothing prospered with John. His health failed; his cattle met with accidents; ill luck attended him in everything he undertook. He had indeed abundant cause to mourn for the loss of his fairy guest.

THE BLIND EYE.

Mrs. McPherson was a very important personage in the townland of Crohanroe, having something to do with the exit of her neighbors from this troublous life, but still more with their entrance into it; in short, she was the *sage femme* of the entire district. Her duties, therefore, took her to every wake and christening in the country, after she had attended the death-bed and dressed the dead, or received and welcomed the new-born. She spent few nights at home in her lonely cabin by the road-side, where there were none to bear her company, for she was a childless widow.

The townland was very extensive; it embraced a tract of well-cultivated country, as well as a wild region stretching up into the Donegal mountains. Crohanroe took its name from a rocky piece of land where furze bushes and blocks of granite abounded. The high-road lay between this picturesque wilderness and Mrs. McPherson's cottage, and no other human habitation was in sight. Somewhat lonely felt the good woman one afternoon after returning from Matt O'Donoghue's funeral, where, out of respect to the family, she had keened herself quite hoarse.

She was having recourse to her short black pipe for comfort, when steps were heard at the door, and, glad to welcome a neighbor in her solitude, she looked round briskly.

A stranger entered—a man apparently between forty and fifty years of age, dressed in the long-tailed coat, knee-breeches, and blue stockings then worn by the peasantry.

Mrs. McPherson bade him kindly welcome, and prayed him to be seated.

"My good woman," said he, "will you be pleased to gie me a drink of water?"

"With all the pleasure in life," replied she, going over to her water can, and handing him a drink.

"An' where do you get your water, ma'am?" he asked, when he had thankfully returned the cup.

"Why, Sir, I go a good little piece for that water—down to the well at the foot o' Donnel's potato field."

"Why do you go that far, an' a spring at the foot o' your ain garden?"

"There's nae spring ava in my garden, Sir."

"Troth is there; just a fine spring bubbling up beside the ash-tree."

Mrs. McPherson knew that there was no well in her garden; but being too polite to contradict the stranger, she remained silent.

At length he got up and said he must be going.

"How far have you to go, Sir?" asked his hostess.

"Not far, ma'am; I'm a neighbor o' yours; I live on Crohanroe."

"Crohanroe, good man? There's nae house on Crohanroe, an' I never seen you before to my knowledge," replied she, in extreme bewilderment.

"But I ken *you* well; I'm living on Crohanroe these hundred years."

Mrs. McPherson stood at her door and watched the visitor, who crossed the high-road and went up to Crohanroe; but there she lost sight of him; there were so many furze bushes and great stones that he might easily be hidden.

Slowly she turned into her little garden, and walked over to the ash-tree. There, sure enough, was a clear spring bubbling up at the root of the tree, and wearing a reservoir for itself in the gravelly soil! She rubbed her eyes; she pinched herself; at last she faltered out: "I didna tak' a drop but one wee glass o' poteen, just for company an' civility like, at Shaun Doyne's, on my way frae the funeral."

No; she could not understand it in the least. She knit her brows and puzzled all day, and was still musing upon the young-looking man who declared he had lived on Crohanroe for the last hundred years, when she heard the trot of a horse on the road, and presently a knock at her door. It was then night, and the moon had lately risen.

Mrs. McPherson, well accustomed to be summoned in the night, was not much surprised to see a man holding a horse at her door.

"You're wanted, ma'am, to attend a lady, a friend o' mine," said the man. "Can you come wi' me at wanst?"

"Where do you come from, Sir? I dinna know you, an' I know all the people in this country far an' near."

"Not very far," replied he, evasively; and he pulled out a purse, and showed half a sovereign and several shillings. "I was bid offer you all that money, if you'd come wi' me."

The good woman had never earned such wages in her life, and could scarcely turn her eyes away from the attractive sight of so much money. Her scruples were at once overcome, and wrapping herself in her shawl, she locked up the house, and let the stranger assist her to mount the horse.

For a short time they kept to the high-road; but then, turning into the fields, they passed ditches and hedge-rows, and other landmarks well known to the good woman.

"Why, surely this is Squire O'Hara's fields?" remonstrated she at last. "There's nae house that I know anywhere hereabouts."

"Mak' your mind easy; we'll be at the place in a minute," replied the guide.

A blaze of warm yellow light presently mingled with the cold blue moonlight. They were approaching a stately castle, whose many windows were illuminated. Squire O'Hara's house was like a cottage compared with this castle; and Mrs. McPherson, who had been in the immediate neighborhood all her life, had never seen it before. But she had no time to express her surprise, for servants in splendid livery hurried out to help her from her horse, and conduct her into the castle.

She passed through several rooms beautifully furnished and lighted with countless candles, until she reached the large chamber where her patient, a handsome lady, lay in a sumptuous bed. There was a fire burning on the hearth. Mrs. McPherson sat down beside it, leaning her elbow upon a small white marble table that stood near, and gazing, as if in a dream, at the lady, and the attendants flitting about the room. One of them, a respectable-looking woman, came close

to her, and pausing for a moment, as if to dust and arrange some furniture, whispered, "You will presently be offered cake and wine; but you'll neither eat nor drink in this house if you value your life."

Mrs. McPherson trembled. How she cursed her avarice, and wished she had never seen the gold glittering in the messenger's purse! When a man came in carrying a silver tray laden with refreshments, and pressed her to partake, she civilly but decidedly excused herself, to his evident chagrin.

"Will you no taste the spirits, then, ma'am?" said he.

"Faix an' troth, my good gentleman, that's a drop never passes my lips," replied she, oblivious of the glass at Shaun Doyne's, and of many a cup of comfort besides.

"Do tak' a little sup, ma'am; it will lift up your heart bravely," persisted the servant.

But Mrs. McPherson saw the woman who had warned her looking back anxiously at her, and she again refused.

The night advanced. There was a small green pot lying on the table, and out of curiosity and idleness she took it up to examine it. A short time afterward, something tickling her left eyebrow, she raised her hand to rub it, and marvellous was the effect of that simple action. All her surroundings were changed in a moment. The lady no longer lay on a sumptuous bed, but upon the damp ground. The carpets, sofas, chairs, and tables turned into grass and benweeds; the gayly dressed attendants were dwarfed into diminutive green-coated and red-capped people; and the stately castle itself vanished, leaving nothing but the old trees of Squire O'Hara's fort.

Mrs. McPherson was so terrified that it was all she could do not to scream; but knowing that such a course might be suicidal, she controlled herself, and made no sign. She then tried the effect of covering her left eye, and looking with the right. The castle and its fairy splendor returned, all as magnificent as it had been on her entrance; but if she used the left eye, the horrible metamorphosis took place.

The patient now required her care. A fine son was born, whom she dressed, and laid on the pillow beside his mother. Her business concluded, the same servant who had brought her to the castle whispered to her that it was time for her to go home. Never were words more welcome. She hastened to the door without looking behind her, and suffered the man to help her to mount her horse. In a trance of terror she rode home, not speaking lest she should show that she was afraid.

"Here are your wages," he said, when she dismounted at her own door.

Caring just then very little for the money, she took it and dropped it on the window-sill. The messenger rode off, and she locked her door on the inside, and sat down beside her cold hearth to think over her adventure, and congratulate herself upon her safe return home. There was a glass of poteen in a certain black bottle in the cupboard; she drank it to cheer her quaking heart. The long winter night was over, and she had not been half an hour at home before daylight made its way through her window, and fell upon the money on the sill.

Had it turned into dead leaves or bits of stick? No; there it lay, a heap of *bona fide* coin of the realm, consisting of a half sovereign, five shillings, and sixpence. She examined it with her right eye, then with her left, then with both together, and the result was the same.

Strange things had happened to her of late: the visit of her ancient neighbor from Crohanroe; the sudden bubbling up of the spring at the foot of the old ash; and, lastly, her night at the Ruchan fort. When the sun was high in the heavens, she plucked up courage to go pretty near the fort—at least to within one field of it. There was the mound in the Squire's field, with trees growing round the outer edge, and rank grass and benweeds in the centre, and all looking just as usual; but at her feet lay a small red cap, very like those she had seen worn by the fairy servants. She picked it up and hid it beneath her shawl, and as she did so she heard distant music—music that was sweet and pleasant, but that had a muffled sound, as though it came from some region under-ground. She remembered all at once how her little brother Mick, dead years before, had once been herding in the Squire's fields, and had come home with wonderful tales of pipes and fiddles that he had heard while he lay with his ear against the ground.

"It's a gentle place, this fort; an' so is Crohanroe, to be sure," said she to herself, "an' I'll just tak' the bonnie wee cap hame wi' me for luck."

So the red cap lay on the dresser all day, but there was no trace of it next morning.

"It wasna for luck, then," soliloquized she. "I'd ax we'er minister what he thinks anent it, only he'd be sure to bid me go to the meeting regular, an' pay my stipends, an' quit takin' the wee drop that helps me through wi' my work."

This last thought decided her not to consult her minister. So she told neither him nor anybody else about the man who had lived on Crohanroe for a hundred years, the spring at the root of the ash, her night at Squire O'Hara's old fort, and the little red cap she had brought home from the field.

There was a fair held half-yearly in the town of Donegal. The day came, and Mrs. McPherson put on her clean cap and tartan shawl, and set forth to spend the fairy money. She was undecided whether to buy a pair of blankets, or a "slip of a pig" to eat up the potato skins and buttermilk.

The town was crowded with people from all parts of the country, and a gay scene was the fair—the booths covered with such goods as would be most tempting to poor farmers and their wives and daughters.

As Mrs. McPherson stood watching the sprightly black-haired maidens teasing their sweethearts for a fairing, and the mothers anxiously counting their halfpence, she observed a dwarfish man making his way up the street. He seemed to stop at every stall to take something or other off it—now a cravat, now a pair of socks, now an orange or a wedge of bacon; and she could not perceive that he ever paid for anything. His brown jacket was bulging out with the quantity of goods he had managed to stow away. But the most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that the owners of the stalls did not appear to call him to account; they put up in a surprisingly philosophical manner with the loss of their property; indeed, they did not seem even to see the little thief.

Nearer and nearer he came, in and out among the crowd, snatching articles from the booths and stowing them away upon his person. The good woman touched him upon the shoulder when he got close enough, and asked,

"Why do you tak' the things frae the stalls without paying for them, Sir?"

The dwarf did not reply to her question. Instead of doing so he asked another.

"Which of your eyes do you see me with?" he asked.

"With my left eye," replied the poor woman, wondering at the question.

The man said nothing more, but making a sudden spring into the air, thrust his finger into Mrs. McPherson's left eye, putting it out completely.

THE TRANSFUSED TRANSFORMED.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

If you live in Downshire and do not know the ffiendells of ffiendell Court, you are unknown indeed; the circumstance of their name being spelled with two little f's, and pronounced Fendall, stamps it with a peculiar aristocracy. Radicals, indeed—persons who interest themselves in roots—assert that there was at one time no such thing as a capital in our alphabet, and that it was indicated by the duplication of the small letters. As intelligence increased, capitals were invented, and the last persons to use them were, of course, the most illiterate; so that the retention of the two small f's is not—intellectually speaking—a feather in the ffiendell cap. On the other hand, as a token of antiquity, it is invaluable. The possession of a name that nobody can pronounce without instruction is also obviously a great inheritance; and in this case it was the more valuable since there is no record of a ffiendell of Downshire having been distinguished in any other way. The family had "flourished" for centuries, in the sense that an old tree is said to flourish, and, like it, most of it was under-ground.

Sir Geoffrey Fendall (for we will take the liberty of spelling his name as it was pronounced, as though he were an ordinary Christian), the present tenant of the Court, was a widower, childless, and stricken in years. The long line, which had moved as directly as a pawn in chess for so many generations, had at last failed, and the succession was going aslant; nay, even zigzag—like the knight's move—to a second cousin, young Percival Fendall, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law. His father had subsisted on a very moderate property, the income from which had been in no way supplemented by the head of the family, and had bequeathed it in a reduced condition to his son. The former had discovered by bitter experience that the fact of his name being spelled with two f's did not enhance its financial value at the back of a bill; while the latter was seriously thinking of discarding the peculiarity altogether, as an affectation out of which nothing had ever come but ridicule, when suddenly old Geoffrey, acting under advice (not legal, but medical), awoke to the fact of his heir-presumptive's existence. He wrote from Downshire with his own hand to invite Percival to Fendall Court.

Most young men would have jumped at such an offer, nor was Percival himself by any means blind to its possible advantages; but he was a man of that disposition which, in poor people, is called obstinacy, in persons of moderate means, firmness, and in rich people, determination of character. Thanks to nobody but himself, he was surely but slowly making his way in the world, and he was not disposed to barter his independence even for the reversion of the family estate. This was not entailed upon him, but it would have been contrary to all traditions of the house with two f's that Cousin Geoffrey should leave it to any other person than the natural heir. The young man knew, in fact, that unless he gave his kinsman some grave cause of offense, he would one day reign in his stead. Would it not be better, therefore, as he had not an idea in common with the old squire, that they should keep apart, so that no offense could be given by him? Percival certainly did not wish to go to Downshire. It was November, and, since he was no sportsman, he greatly preferred London at that season to the country: just now, indeed, he preferred it at all seasons, from the circumstance that it contained, in Gloucester Place, a young lady called Mary Blake, whose name it was his intention to change to Fendall (with one F) as soon as his income had become sufficient for him to marry upon it.

Her father was a hop merchant, and no doubt given to speculation in his own line, but strongly opposed to contingencies in connection with his daughter's settlement in life. He had at first refused to take Percival's great expectations into consideration at all; but when this invitation came from the old baronet, he had visibly thawed, and even held out a hope that he might not now insist upon seeing Percival's ledger setting forth that he had received in fees, etc., at least five hundred pounds a year, before he would give consent to his daughter's marriage.

To the young man himself this relaxation of Mr. Blake's proviso gave much less satisfaction than that gentleman had anticipated. In his own mind he was persuaded that the match would be disagreeable to Sir Geoffrey, and render his expectations even less promising than before; and this was one of the reasons that made him incline to be very dutiful to his venerable cousin at a distance, and through the medium of the post-office. He did not like the old gentleman; he had resented the coldness he had shown to his father; and he did not appreciate the overtures now made to himself, which he thoroughly understood were not owing to any personal regard, but only because circumstances had made him the sole surviving member of the house with two f's. At the same time, he was much too sensible to throw away the brilliant prospects which had thus unfolded themselves to his view, if he could retain them with self-respect and without much inconvenience. Although a very unworthy descendant of his race as regarded the belief in their blue blood—which he looked upon either as imaginary or as a very serious physical ailment—he had inherited a strong indisposition to be bored or troubled. Old Sir Geoffrey himself, with his twenty thousand pounds a year and an obedient county, did not dislike being "put out" more than he did, and when he was annoyed, he took as little pains as his great kinsman to conceal it. Such men are, socially speaking, the very salt of the earth, who amongst a world of snobs and toadies speak the plain truth to its little tyrants, even if they do not succeed in teaching them how to behave themselves. But Percival had no sense of apostleship whatever. He simply liked his own way as much as his betters did, and—since his ambition was limited—almost as often got it: a man who did not walk and look and speak as if the street belonged to him, but rather as if he did not care one halfpenny (which was the case) to whom it did belong. Moreover, his father had been no "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," and this young fellow was as intelligent as he looked. He knew himself—it is only fools, notwithstanding what philosophers have said to the contrary, who do not—and was well aware that he would not make a favorable impression upon the owner of Fendall Court, and that was another reason why he was unwilling to go there.

That we should be able to keep at a distance the good people from whom we have expectations (and yet retain them) is, however, a mere dream of the optimist; and so Percival found it. To the polite and carefully worded letter by which he had endeavored to evade the invitation to the home of his ancestors he received a reply by return of post, the tone of which necessitated his immediate appearance at Fendall Court, or his giving up all hopes of ever seeing it his own: in short, Sir Geoffrey was furious.

"Dear Percival, you had better go," pleaded Mary, to whom he had showed the note, with some strong expressions of indignation. She was a beautiful creature, with eyes like a gazelle, and a voice more persuasive to his ear than any in the Law Courts.

"But he writes so disagreeably," said Percival, pulling at his mustache; "he must be a most offensive person."

"Recollect, my darling, that he is an old man," argued Mary, meaning that allowance as well as reverence was due to gray hairs.

"He is not so old as all *that*," mused Percival. "This sort of thing may go on—I mean one's having to put up with his impertinent arrogance—for years and years. The question is, Is it worth such a tremendous sacrifice?"

The wretch was thinking of his own peace of mind, and whether he could keep his temper if such things were said to him—about "respect" and "obedience"—as his kinsman had thought proper to put on paper.

"If you get on with your cousin," she murmured, with a beautiful blush, "dear papa would, I think, be more inclined to consent—that is—perhaps he would let us marry a little earlier."

"You darling! that's true," said Percival, "and is worth going through almost anything for. I'll write and say I will run down to Downshire in the course of next week."

"Don't write, dear—telegraph; and run down by to-night's train."

"But I am to meet you at dinner, Mary, at the Joneses on Saturday."

"Never mind; don't let me be the cause of your running any risk of increasing Mr. Fendall's displeasure. I am sure I am giving you good advice. Go to-night."

"Very good; I'll go."

And Percival went accordingly.

Sir Geoffrey received him with a stately welcome, the coldness of which, however, was owing to the general frigidity of the establishment rather than to any annoyance at his tardy obedience to his summons. Upon the whole, Percival's hesitation had perhaps done him good. If he had showed himself eagerly desirous to accede to his kinsman's wishes, it would probably have been set down by Sir Geoffrey to anything but disinterestedness, and might have even suggested Death—a subject very distasteful to the head of the ffiendells. An independence of spirit which had eventually given way to his wishes was not unpardonable, for it exemplified the power of the will which had subdued it.

The baronet himself volunteered to be the young man's guide over the picture-gallery and the stables (the horse, we may be sure, was a favored animal with him), and gave him to understand, less by words than by his confidential tone, that at some time or another, though at a date so distant that it would be absurd to allude to it, all these things might be his own—if he behaved himself.

It was well understood in Downshire that good behavior in Sir Geoffrey's eyes was doing what Sir Geoffrey wished, and for three days Percival's behavior was unexceptionable. On the fourth morning, however, it became infamous.

On the previous evening there had been a large dinner party, composed chiefly of the magnates of the county, who had treated the young barrister with a civility that had sufficiently indicated their opinion of his prospects; and the young ladies had been at least as gracious as their fathers and mothers.

"Percival, did you notice that girl in blue last night?" inquired Sir Geoffrey, snipping off the end of his after-breakfast cigar, and proceeding to light it: "Amelia Elton, Lord Wraxall's daughter. It is my intention that you shall marry her."

Percival lifted his eyebrows. "It can't be done, Sir Geoffrey"—here he also lit his cigar with great deliberation—"that is, if I continue to live in England. We should have to go to Salt Lake City, where bigamy is permissible."

"What the devil do you mean, Sir?" exclaimed the baronet. "Have you a wife already?"

"No, Sir Geoffrey." Percival could not help wondering to himself what would have happened had he answered "Yes." Would his cousin have had an apoplectic fit (he looked very near it as it was), and gone off the hooks at once, leaving everybody happy ever afterward? or would he have sent for his lawyer, and devised everything he had to the County Lunatic Asylum on the spot? Percival had felt that this crucial matter must crop up sooner or later, and had nerved himself for the encounter. "I have no wife," he went on; "but, what is the same thing, Sir Geoffrey, so far as my future is concerned—I am engaged to be married."

"What, to that hop-picker's daughter?" thundered the old man, who, it seemed, had been making keener inquiries into Percival's affairs than he had had any idea of.

"Well, Sir, her father is a hop *merchant*," returned the young man, coolly, "and I dare say has made some pretty pickings; but I don't think he would like to be called a hop-*picker*. I may, perhaps, be allowed to add that your use of the term is not very polite to *me*."

His face was very white, and looked all the whiter by comparison with his companion's, which was scarlet. They were both in a frightful rage, the one at a white heat, the other boiling.

"And who the deuce are *you*?" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, in precisely the same tone (though he *was* such an aristocrat) as the butcher's boy used, who, having run the leg of his wooden tray into the duke's eye, inquired of him who the deuce *he* was, that he should be so particular about his eyesight.

"My name is Percival Fendall, Sir—a man that boasts better blood than you, inasmuch as he can count a generation beyond you." This reply, intended to be satirical, was an inspiration, and had quite the contrary effect to what he had expected. He had accidentally protected himself, as it were, by this interposition of the other's fetich, as though it had been a shield.

"By Jove! that's true," said Sir Geoffrey, regarding him with undisguised admiration. "You're the eleventh of us, though not quite in the direct line. I am glad you appreciate the circumstance at its full value. I had been told by a mischievous fellow that you had been thinking of spelling our name with a capital F."

"That would be blasphemy indeed," said Percival, without moving a muscle.

"Of course it would," put in the baronet, eagerly. "I perceive that my informant was a liar. You are worthy of your name, and you were only joking—though let me observe that I don't like such jokes—when you talked of being engaged to this Miss Lake."

"Blake, Sir, is her name," continued Percival, with unruffled calm; "it is a very decent one, though she doesn't spell it with two little b's. She is a delicate-minded, honorable gentlewoman, and I mean to marry her."

"What, without my consent?"

"No, Sir Geoffrey. I hope with your consent. You have only to see her, and I venture to think you will confess that Miss—the young lady in blue, whom you were so good as to recommend to me—can not hold a candle to her."

"But her blood, Sir? You, of all men, should understand the importance, the necessity, the indispensability—" The baronet supplied in expression and gesture what was wanting to him in words.

"I do, Sir Geoffrey. Science has lately corroborated your opinion upon that point. To persons about to marry it recommends the microscope. Mary's blood shall be subjected to investigation."

"What nonsense you talk! As if it could possibly be blood like ours! Beware how you trifle—or rather how you venture beyond trifling—with persons of this class. A blot on the 'scutcheon, remember, is ineradicable."

"If a Fendall were to break his word, Sir Geoffrey, would not that be a blot on the 'scutcheon?"

It was cruel of Percival to place his kinsman on the horns of such a dilemma. But there is no fetich so utterly illogical—and, to say truth, so selfish and egotistical—as that of blood.

"The promise was extracted from you by passion," answered the old man, "and is therefore invalid." Then, as if aware of the monstrosity of this position, he went hurriedly on—as after one has skimmed over thin ice—to paint the horrors of an unequal marriage. "Look at young Lascelles: if he had married as his uncle wished him, he might have stood for the county: a man whose ancestry is only second to our own, but who chose to throw himself away upon a female nobody; respectable, I dare say, she may be—her father lives in Baker Street, and is of the name of Jones. What was the result of it all? Why, young Lascelles was compelled to walk the hospitals."

If he had been made to walk the plank, it is impossible that Sir Geoffrey could have spoken of the fact with more sincere compassion for the young man's unhappy fate.

"I know Lascelles," said Percival, cheerfully; "he lives close to the Blakes."

"*Very* likely," put in Sir Geoffrey, dryly.

"And has already acquired a good practice."